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THE FIERY TEMPER of 6' 5" Peter Fleming matches that of his 5' 10" doubles partner, John McEnroe. They're favored to repeat as U.S. Open champions, and Fleming's improving singles game could stimulate his partner. Curry Kyratzick reports

IT WASN'T MISCASTING when Paul Newman took up driving race cars between films. He developed slowly, but after a second at Le Mans and other successes, he's recognized as one of the sport's better competitors. By fellow driver Sam Poole.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WULF, AS A PLAYER, HE WAS NO BABE RUTH

When Staff Writer Steve Wulf was assigned to cover baseball this year he knew he would be spending a great deal of time on the road, but he didn't know the road would take him to such a far-off place as Veracruz, Mexico. However, that's where Wulf had to go for his profile of expatriate Pitcher George Brunet (page 24).

Wulf was a good choice for the baseball beat because he understands the full range of baseball experience, having progressed from star to flop to journeyman player by the time he was 11. "I made my Little League debut with the minor league Green Hornets of Brunswick, N.Y.," he says. "They stuck me in centerfield during a game we were losing by about 25-6. A kid hit a ball to the wall. I picked it up and made one of those looping rainbow throws home. It reached on the fly, much too late, but under the circumstances, it was probably our team's best fielding play of the game."

Wulf's arm so impressed his manager that in his next appearance he made his debut as a pitcher. "I left after two innings with the score tied 13-13," Wulf recalls. "The following year I moved up to the majors. It was the classic case of a player being brought up too soon, so I was able to play only a few games. But when I went back down the next year I got a reputation as a bad actor. It happened one day when a friend named Andy Lasky looked into the dugout and yelled, 'Hey,

Wulf, put down my popcorn.' The manager never started me again. I was tagged for life at 11."

By Wulf's account, things eventually got somewhat better. He claims he was one of the greatest second basemen in the history of Camp Van Schoonhoven in Averill Park, N.Y. While attending Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y., he starred at a dice game called Stat-O-Matic Baseball, which he played with his fraternity brothers. Among them was Richard Queen, who was a hostage at the U.S. Embassy in Iran until his recent release. In Wulf's senior year he tried to make the baseball team as a pitcher. "The school paper called me 'Sophomore Infielder Tommy Wulf,'" he says. "I figured journalism needed me more than baseball."

After graduation Wulf spent a year working for the *Evening Sun* in Norwich, N.Y., just 45 minutes from Cooperstown, where the picture above was taken. Among Wulf's assignments in Norwich was the People's Softball League, in which he also played. "We won a playoff game 16-0, and I went 1 for 8. I quoted myself as saying, 'I, more than anyone else, am responsible for keeping the score down.'" After that, Wulf spent three years with the *Fort Lauderdale News*. He had an unforgettable experience there with Hall-of-Famer Hank Aaron. At least Wulf hasn't forgotten it. "He was about to break Babe Ruth's career home run record and there was a big media event in spring training. I finally got a minute alone with Hank and I asked him something I'd always wanted to know: How did he feel about being the first name listed in *The Baseball Encyclopedia*? He just looked at me and walked away."

Wulf's memories of the George Brunet story are much more pleasant. "The seafood in Veracruz was excellent, we had a great time and Photographer Manny Millan, who speaks Spanish well, became a local hero," Wulf says. "All in all, a great road trip."

Philip D. Howard

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSIENBAUM

RAIN OF DEATH

The U.S. and Canada agreed last week to begin negotiating a treaty to control acid rain by June 1, 1981. Canada complains that much of the trouble it has been having with acid rain originates in coal-fired plants in the U.S. Emissions from those plants are borne by winds to the Northeastern U.S., Ontario and Quebec, where highly acidic precipitation results, a phenomenon Canadian Environment Minister John Roberts describes as "literally a rain of death."

Despite last week's agreement, there are fears that acid rain will become worse on both sides of the border because of the U.S. push to convert power plants from oil to coal to reduce its dependence on imported oil. Although the technology exists for keeping pollution caused by such conversions to a minimum, political support for imposing the necessary emission controls is largely confined to the Northeast. As a result, an amendment requiring stringent antipollution safeguards was defeated when the Senate approved a \$4.2 billion outlay to finance coal conversion last June. The question of pollution controls will next be debated when the bill comes up in the House, probably later this month.

Tougher emission controls are being pushed by the Environmental Protection Agency, which points out that acid rain has destroyed crops and corroded buildings and monuments, including the Statue of Liberty. This is in addition to the fact that acid rain has reduced the fish population of hundreds of lakes in the U.S. and Canada; a growing number of lakes that once teemed with fish are now devoid of life.

Politicians in coal-producing states argue that emission controls should be deferred pending further study of acid rain. Such stalling tactics must be recognized as just that. In a speech two weeks ago at the American Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association show in St. Louis, Lennart Borgstrom, president of a Swedish tackle concern, ABU-Gar-

cia, Inc., noted that his country has long suffered the ravages of acid rain. "We have done the research in Sweden," Borgstrom said. "The only thing that more studying will accomplish is to make this the best documented disaster in history."

THE SHERIFF

Dan Tahan, who died last week at 73, was an NFL field official for 35 seasons, longer than any other official in league history. When he worked his last game in 1930, a crowd of 5,000 in the NFL was something to get excited about. By the time he retired after the 1964 season, throngs of 70,000 were routine. As professional football prospered, Tahan did all right, too. In 1946 he was elected sheriff of Ohio's Hamilton County, which encompasses Cincinnati, and he got himself reelected to that job for the next 26 years. Not bad for a Democrat in a heavily Republican county.

A tall, authoritarian figure, Tahan earned a reputation for reliability among NFL coaches. Paul Brown recalls questioning one of Tahan's decisions during a game. "I'll be back in two weeks," Tahan replied evenly. "Let me know how it turns out on the film." On his return, Tahan said, "How'd it look, Coach?" A chastened Brown was compelled to reply, "You know darned well how it looked, or you wouldn't have asked." Tahan also had a knack for minimizing the damage done by less competent officials. A zebra with whom he was working one day mistakenly blew his whistle on a play in Tahan's territory. "Whatta you got?" asked Tahan. "Pass interference," the official said. Tahan knew there had been no such violation. "I got backfield in motion," he said, thereby offsetting the uncalled-for penalty.

HE'S THE BERRIES

Darryl Strawberry, the New York Mets' \$200,000 bonus baby, is playing centerfield for the club's Appalachian League farm team in Kingsport, Tenn. When the

18-year-old Strawberry arrived the other day for a game in Paintsville, Ky., the home team celebrated his local debut by offering free admission to anybody bringing along a strawberry. It also dropped strawberries from a helicopter before the game, sold strawberry soda and sundaes at the concession stand and planted strawberries in an area of the outfield dubbed for the occasion "the strawberry patch."

The promotions geared to Strawberry's name make one wonder why entrepreneurs over the years haven't done the same thing with other evocatively named ballplayers. Imagine if teams had given out free ears of corn when Ty Cobb came to town. And think of the benefits a sneaker manufacturer might have derived from an endorsement by Shoeless Joe Jackson, or the tie-in a stereo manufacturer might work up with a latter-day Tins Speaker. And wouldn't Genito!



somehow use the Mets' Joel Youngblood in its advertising?

Besides inspiring promotional extravaganzas, Strawberry is causing people to break out in a rash of puns. For example, a New York Post story detailing some troubles he's been having at the plate carried this headline: STRAWBERRY RUNS INTO (.210) JAM IN ROOKIE LEAGUE. As for that low batting average, an unworried Darryl vows, "I'll be hitting my stride soon." Let's hope so, before folks in the Appalachian League start dishing out raspberries instead of strawberries.

continued

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THOSE FRIENDLY FOES

Given the historical animosity between Germans and Russians, the whole thing should have come as no surprise. Still, it took the Moscow Olympics to lay bare the truth about sports relations between the Soviet Union and East Germany. Publicly, officials of those two closely aligned nations claim to be the friendliest of athletic foes. And indeed, after World War II, Soviet coaches and sports administrators gave the East Germans invaluable counsel and assistance. But the GDR has long since become a sports power in its own right, and these days neither country is particularly eager to share training and sports-medicine secrets with the other.

With the U.S. and West Germany out of the picture at Moscow, the intense rivalry between the GDR and the U.S.S.R. was only too evident. The host country won 80 gold medals and 197 medals of all kinds, the GDR 47 and 126. The East Germans were not above making excuses for coming in second. A GDR spokesman, Wolfgang Gatter, told SI's Paul Zimmerman, "We're a country of only 17,000,000. Russia has 250,000,000, 55,000,000 of whom are into sport." And Volker Kluge, a writer for the GDR newspaper *Junge Welt*, shrugged, "The U.S.S.R. at home is unbeatable."

For their part, Soviet athletes made it a point not to fraternize with their East German rivals. "To talk to a GDR athlete is not a good thing," explained one Soviet competitor. "You are observed, and that is not good." Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, the former long-jump star and now a Soviet coach, put the best possible face on the situation, saying, "What you see here is a natural rivalry. If five men are fighting, you don't feel it so much. But if there are only two? Well, then, ..." But Daniel Korica, a Yugoslav track coach, said of the East German-U.S.S.R. rivalry, "Politics says they must maintain a friendly relationship. But all the athletes know they are not friends, not friends at all."

THE MAN WITH THE VELVET GLOVE

Maury Wills last week became the major leagues' third black manager, Frank Robinson and Larry Doby having preceded him, and one of the few blacks currently managing at any level of organized baseball. On assuming his new job with the Seattle Mariners, Wills let it be known that he's different in other ways, too. Under his predecessor, Darrell Johnson, ra-

dios weren't allowed on the team bus, jackets had to be worn on travel days and hotel bars were off limits, but Wills abolished those rules. "Baseball is so traditional and stagnant in its thinking," he said. "I'm trying to relate to young people living in 1980. I can't kick their butts like they kicked mine when I was a player." Consequently, Wills said he wouldn't fine anybody. "I don't believe in anything that alienates players. I like things done out of respect."

Wills also took issue with the time-honored assumption that ballplayers shouldn't engage in levity after a loss. "That's b.s.," he said. "I take notes during the game, and afterward we talk about what we did, and then it's history. Then we can go out and have a good time." But Wills was tough enough to order the Mariners to show up for games 30 minutes earlier than usual to work on fundamentals. If that sounded like spring training all over again, so be it. The Mariners had lost nine straight games when Wills took over, and they lost five of their first seven games under him, leaving them with a 41-70 record, baseball's worst.

MAKING NOISE

Andy Furman, 29, is a sports publicist with a penchant for the outlandish. At Oral Roberts University, where he was sports information director for 16 months, Furman once hyped a basketball game against the Bulgarian national team by offering free admission to fans of Bulgarian descent. He actually had some takers. Later, handling publicity for the NASL's Fort Lauderdale Strikers, Furman let unformed dentists in free for a game against Vancouver, whose team is nicknamed the Whitecaps. He also set himself the task of personally calling everybody in the Broward County phone book to drum up support for the team. He later claimed to have made it into the "F" listings before losing interest.

Along the way, Furman typically put in 16-hour days, often sleeping on the couch in his office. Oral Roberts Athletic Director Bob Brooks called him "the hardest worker I ever knew." But Brooks also said, "We always had to hold him back. Anything to him was news. It didn't matter whether it was good or bad." Speaking of bad news, Furman claimed that Fort Lauderdale management ordered him, ludicrously, to anticipate and prevent it. This was his explanation for quitting after a

year with the Strikers. Of his sometimes zany ways, Furman said, "I'm not sitting in the office doing stats. I like to make noise."

Last February, Furman was hired as the publicity chief at Monticello Raceway, a harness track in New York State. No sooner did he arrive than he tried without success to arrange a Funeral Director's Night, on which some lucky fan would win a free burial. Promotions he pulled off included a race between two elephants, an event he heralded by saying, in mock complaint, "They're sending me trotters. I wanted pacers." Furman got ink by inviting George Burns to the track to sing the national anthem (he reaped additional publicity when Burns, as expected, declined), and following the U.S.S.R.'s invasion of Afghanistan, announced that the track would no longer welcome Soviet horses, blithely ignoring the fact that Soviet horses at Monticello were about as common as Bulgarians in Oklahoma.

On one occasion, Furman invited the inmates of neighboring prisons to visit Monticello, angering many area residents. Last week, in an astonishing lapse in taste, he invited a Pennsylvania Ku Klux Klan leader and his followers to avail themselves of the track's "group party plan package" in order to attend races and hold a meeting at Monticello. Furman was thereupon fired by Monticello President Leo Doobin, who said he had instructed Furman not to send the invitation. Nevertheless, Doobin took pains to laud Furman as "aggressive, hardworking and imaginative." For his part, Furman publicly apologized for the KKK invitation, explaining that he had merely wanted to get people to talk about Monticello Raceway. Which, of course, he certainly succeeded in doing.

THEY SAID IT

- Waite Hoyt, Hall of Fame pitcher, upon learning that a limited-edition bronze sculpture of Cincinnati Red Catcher Johnny Bench was priced at \$975: "In our day you could have gotten a live catcher and his family for \$975."
- Ed (Too Tall) Jones, Dallas Cowboy defensive end, on his short-lived boxing career: "I have never been around so many crummy people in all my days."
- Darrell Dickey, Kansas State quarterback and son of the team's coach, on Big Eight rival Oklahoma: "The Sooners don't rebuild, they reload."

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1. On the Official entry form on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, hand print your name, address and zip code. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B RARE SCOTCH "TENNIS DELUXE" SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 661, Howard Lake, Minn. 55353. Entries must be received by September 30, 1980.
2. Winners will be determined in a random drawing conducted by Luxury Merchandise Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Only one prize to an individual or household. Winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Prizes are not transferable or redeemable for cash. For a list of major prize winners send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: J&B Rare Scotch Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 1380, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348. A list of prize winners will be available after November 1, 1980.
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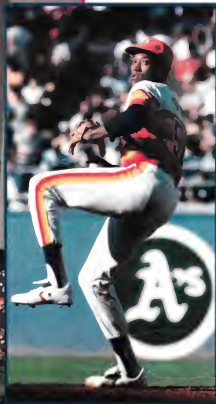
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NOW EVERYONE



BELIEVES HIM



An overpowering pitcher before his collapse, Richard now lies behind the screen in this spacious Houston hospital room where he's comforted by his wife Carolyn and his lawyer Ranch.

It took a near-fatal stroke to convince doubters that Houston's J.R. Richard wasn't faking when he complained of arm troubles **by WILLIAM NACK**

James Rodney Richard is sitting up in bed in his room at Methodist Hospital in Houston last Friday afternoon, staring at a bowl of vegetable soup and stirring it with a spoon. He has just finished his second dish of mashed potatoes, leaving the asparagus and rolls, and now Kathy Burke, his private nurse, moves to his side. The nurse steadies his right hand as he raises a container of milk to his lips. "Now sip," she says. He sips slowly through a straw. "That's it," she says. She turns and walks away. Lunch is over; a little party is about to begin.

"You been here long enough," says Tom Reich, Richard's attorney and longtime friend. "Let's have a hurricane party." Hurricane Allen isn't far away.

"Ready to get out of here," J.R. says softly out of the right corner of his mouth.

Chuck Berry, Richard's associate, steps forward with a case of wine. "Something for the party?" he says.

"Let's have some wine," Richard says.

This is the first festive moment in J.R. Richard's life since the morning of July 30, when he collapsed during a workout at the Astrodome. Richard, the best righthander in baseball, had suffered a major stroke. Surgeons subsequently removed a clot from the junction of two arteries in his neck. A few days later he was moved from the intensive-care unit to this private suite, into which only a few close friends and relatives have been allowed.

On the door is a sign: PROTECTIVE ISOLATION. The patient's name on the door is not Richard's. The suite is spacious, continued

its view commanding. The windows to his left overlook the tree-shaded campus of Rice University. J.R. can see the running track, with joggers circling in the sun. Below the window, Fannin Street, bustling with noonday traffic, extends toward the distant skyscrapers of downtown Houston. The windowsills overflow with stacks of mail. On the wall in front of Richard is a handmade sign: "GET WELL, J.R. A book, *Where Is God When It Hurts?*", lies below the sign. Flowers in pots are here and there. A giant basket of fruit is on a nearby coffee table, and there is an eight-foot-high fig tree, a gift from Reich, in a corner.

"Oh yeah," says Reich, laughing. "Dave Parker is going to be in town with the Pirates soon. He wants to come and see you. He says this is the only way he can get a hit off you." Only the right side of Richard's face can smile now, but it is beaming. He nods, juggles his right foot nervously. His left leg, bent at the knee, is still. Then he pushes his left foot into the footboard, exercising it. Wilbur Howard, a former Astro teammate and close friend, comes through the door and across the room.

"Hey, what's happenin'?" he asks.

Richard looks up and grins. "Let's go

fishin'," he says. Howard is seeing his friend for the first time since Richard collapsed while they were playing catch in the Astrodome.

"How you feel?" Howard says.

"My sister came down and home-cooked me some meat and greens," J.R. says. "Let's go fishin'... I'm takin' my wife, my kids and my dog."

"Speaking of fishin'," says Berry. "Someone sent you this." It's a box containing an Ambassador 5000 casting reel. Reich removes the reel and hands it to J.R. "That's a good one," J.R. says. "That's a good one. I'm ready to go fishin'. Where's the wine?"

Berry leaves to find a corkscrew. J.R. props himself up in bed, then straightens out the weakened left leg and pushes it against the footboard. "Keep pushin'," says Howard. "You push that end of the bed off and you'll be ready to get out of here."

The men talk of fishing and baseball. There is laughter. And reason to celebrate. Reich has been visiting Richard every day, and he hasn't seen him so alert and talkative since the stroke. When Richard first came out of surgery, in fact, his speech was so impaired he had to write notes. His first to Reich was: "Black walnut ice cream. One quart."

Howard reminds him of a long home run that Richard hit off Tom Seaver in Cincinnati this season. "Couldn't be longer than the one in Atlanta," J.R. says. "And you'd have to be there to believe the one I hit in Chicago. So far! The wind was blowin' in. I hit it. Yeow! Then I did my Willie McCovey trot."

The men banter some more and wait for the wine. Berry can't find a corkscrew. Richard grows tired. He closes his eyes. Kathy Burke lowers the head of his bed. The party isn't over, but Richard wants to nap. He rolls over, and one can see, on the right side of his neck, evidence of why he is here—in this room, at this moment, this young man in his prime. There is an incision about three inches long, healing nicely.

On that fateful Wednesday, July 30, Richard and Howard had driven to the Astrodome together to work out. Four days earlier Richard had been released from Methodist Hospital, aware for the first time that a clot had formed in an artery leading to his right arm. Richard's doctors considered the blockage stable and of no danger, so they told him he could work out under supervision. With



Reich believes big salaries have made athletes targets of a new play-or-be-dumped syndrome

the team on the road, Richard decided to test his arm in the Dome. On the way he stopped at his bank, where he was to sign documents setting up a trust for his five children, and then he called his wife Carolyn. Recently they had been doing some gardening together. "Go buy more plants," he told her. "I'll be home soon to work in the yard."

At the Dome he pitched to Howard for 1½ minutes—six easy, 5½ a little harder. "I never felt better," he told Jim Ewell, a former Astro trainer, when the workout ended. Richard and Howard sat down in the dugout. "He was sweating a lot," Howard says. "And it wasn't that hot to me. He kept toweling himself off." Then, says Howard, Richard reached over with his right hand and grabbed Howard's forearm. "Feel this," J.R. said. Howard describes the sensation this way: "Hold a cold glass, with ice in it, for a few minutes. Then dry your hand off. Then touch yourself with it. That's what I'm talking about. That's what it felt like."

Richard decided he wanted to stretch the arm out, so the two men went back on the field. Howard stood behind second base, J.R. behind first base along the rightfield line. After catching J.R.'s eighth toss, Howard took the ball out of the glove and started to heave it back when he realized that Richard was wobbling. "Like a person who was drunk," Howard says. "I thought 'Why's he doing that?'" Richard stepped in several directions—right, left, back. Suddenly he dropped to all fours and collapsed on his left side. Ewell and Howard ran to him

When a blood clot was first discovered, it was considered stable, but two days later it caused Richard's stroke, and Dr. McCollum removed it.





When they went fishing just before the stroke, Garr says Richard was "depressed and loved."

"J.R.—you all right?" said Howard.

"Yeah, just give me a minute or two," he said. "I feel a little dizzy." After turning him over on his stomach, Ewell raced to a telephone to call an ambulance.

"I got a headache," Richard said. "My head hurts." Howard got down next to him. He didn't know what to do. "Are you all right?" he kept asking.

"Just let me lay here," J.R. said.

Howard asked him again how he was. "My ear's ringin'." J.R. said. "There's somethin' ringin' in my ear."

Richard closed and opened his eyes. Howard said he seemed only semiconscious. At one point, Howard says, Richard slurred his speech. It got worse. "Grab your tongue and try to say something," Howard explains. "That's how he sounded."

Still lying face down, Richard put his right hand under his chin and felt his left cheek with the palm.

"Where does it hurt?" Howard asked.

"It don't hurt," J.R. said. "I don't feel anything on the side of my face. I can't feel it. I can't feel it."

Howard was scared and confused. "What should I do?" he kept thinking.

"I saw him try to spit," Howard says. "He tried to spit but it wasn't going anywhere. He was drooling. His eyes were red. It was like he had got stuck in both eyes by a stick."

Shortly afterward the ambulance came into the Dome and onto the field. Moments later attendants strapped Richard on a stretcher and he was on his way to Methodist Hospital.

It is sad irony that J.R. Richard, 30, should have suffered the stroke on the very field where he had made his name as the most feared pitcher in baseball—a 6' 8" righthander with a smoking fastball and a devastating slider. Two years ago his 303 strikeouts made him the first National League righthander to strike out 300 batters in a season. Last season he struck out 313 more. This year he was enjoying his best season ever. When the stroke occurred, ending his season and perhaps his career, he had a 10-4 record, a 1.89 ERA and 119 strikeouts. He was a leading candidate for the Cy Young Award.

So it all came undone—gradually at first, like the unraveling of a hideous baseball—where it all began, in the Dome. The last six weeks of his 1980 season, from the day he first felt the symptoms of the clotting to the day he fell on the field, constitute one of the strangest, saddest and most controversial chapters in baseball history.

On June 17, in a game in Wrigley Field, Richard began to experience an inexplicable tiredness, a deadness, in his throwing arm. From that single baffling symptom, all the consequent troubles stemmed.

Richard had never had a problem with his arm, and thus had never endured the pressures of handling one. Eventually, he grew defensive. Now everybody wanted to know what was wrong with his arm, but he could not explain. He made apparently conflicting statements about his condition. And the Houston media went after him because of the inconsistencies. The media, the fans, even teammates accused him variously of loafing, gutlessness or being jealous of teammate Nolan Ryan's more lucrative contract. There were intimations that he was into drugs. With their pennant chances in jeopardy, some of his teammates sniped at him in print—often anonymously. It was complex and confusing, and ultimately tragic. Reich believes that the attacks on Richard were probably exacerbated by the coincidental fact that his initials, J.R., happen to be those of J.R. Ewing of the television series *Dallas*.

So the headlines read: WHO SHOT J.R.'S ARM?

"They couldn't resist," Reich says. On June 28, in his first start since he had left the Chicago game with a "dead" arm, he came out of a game against Cincinnati after giving up five runs in 3½

innings. He said that his arm was "tired."

"James Rodney Richard's right arm got better Saturday night," Ed Fowler of the *Houston Chronicle* wrote. "It improved from 'dead' to 'tired.' If his convalescence continues at the current pace, his arm may be 'puny' by the next time he pitches."

Just before the Cincinnati game Richard came close to the truth in a remarkable self-diagnosis. "I think it's been a nerve problem and maybe not enough blood was being pumped to my arm," he said. "It's sort of like an engine not getting enough gasoline. When that happens, the engine won't run."

It ran better on July 3, in a game against Atlanta, when he lasted six innings and gave up just two runs on three hits. It ran better for a reason. Dr. Charles McCollum, who operated on Richard when he had the stroke, says that the arm began developing collateral, or secondary, circulation after the blockage occurred. The system was bypassing the occlusion, or clot, and improving the circulation in the arm. McCollum recalls that Richard had trouble lifting his right arm and combing his hair after the occlusion occurred but that this problem diminished as time went on—

continued

Dr. Bretzford, the Astros' team physician who examined Richard after he went on the disabled list, indicates where the blood clot was found.





If the first check doesn't reveal the cause of an ailment, Virdon says check and then recheck



Morgan thinks physical feelings were so new to Richard he didn't know how to react to his



J.R. RICHARD continued

that is, as the collateral system developed

Though he tired rapidly in the sixth inning, his performance against Atlanta had been encouraging, so Manager Bill Virdon sent him off to the All-Star Game in Los Angeles. Richard started and pitched splendidly, yielding but one hit and striking out three in two innings. "My arm feels great," he said.

After the game, Richard visited Dr. Frank Jobe, a specialist in sports medicine in Los Angeles, and said that Jobe told him he had "muscle fatigue" and should take 30 days off. The inconsistency was shocking. Here was a pitcher who had just come home from an All-Star Game performance in which he had thrown smoke. And he was saying he had a tired arm.

Jobe had indeed told him that he had muscle fatigue, but he hadn't told him to take 30 days off. That was what Richard told the press—that he was taking a month to go fishing. For this fabrication—though easily checked and bound to be uncovered—Richard paid a severe price. When the Astros received Jobe's report, which suggested that Richard miss his next start and pitch only five or six innings in the two or three after that, the lid blew in the Astrodome. Some players had never believed the claim about the 30 days, sensing that the joker in the man was at work. Asked why he had lied, Richard said, "I felt like it." Whatever his motives, it was certainly no way to encourage understanding.

"I think J.R. handled the situation the wrong way," Pitcher Joe Niekro told SF's Kathy Andria last week. "I don't know what was on his mind, but instead of coming out and saying there's something wrong with me and I've got to get it worked on he lied to his teammates, and he lied to the press. A lot of guys were wondering what the hell was going on, why he didn't want to pitch for us. It was a tragic way to find out there was something really wrong with him."

Another Astro, Second Baseman Joe Morgan, believes the misunderstanding occurred because Richard was experiencing a completely new and strange situation. "He knew something was wrong with his arm," says Morgan, "but he didn't know how to go about explaining it. He'd never been injured before."

In Richard's next and final start,

against Atlanta on July 14, he appeared to be lethargic. His movements were awkward and labored. He seemed dazed. He seemed to have trouble seeing the catcher's signs. As his teammates took the field in the fourth inning, Richard stayed on the bench. He didn't move. Virdon walked the length of the dugout.

"Are you going to be able to pitch?" he asked.

"Yeah," said J.R. He got up and walked slowly to the mound. He said his hands felt cold, his stomach nauseated, Virdon pulled him after one out. The next morning Harry Shattuck of the Chronicle sadly reported that Atlanta's winning pitcher, Phil Niekro, had courageously ignored an injury of his own and pitched the game anyway. The story began: "Phil Niekro doesn't have a dead arm. Or a tired arm. Or back stiffness. Or shoulder stiffness. Or a stomachache."

The Houston papers were certainly not alone. Local broadcasters poked up on the J.R. Ewing theme, while unnamed players grew impatient. "We're in a pennant chase, and now he pulls this," one was quoted as saying.

"Don't let this drive you crazy," Richard told Carolyn

"What's it doing to you?" she asked

"I'm fine," he said

On July 16, Richard went on the disabled list, and the next day the team physician, Dr. Harold Brelsford, gave him a physical examination. He says he found that the circulation in Richard's pitching arm was excellent. He determined that by pressing down on Richard's fingernail beds, then relieving the pressure and watching how quickly they reddened again. Dr. Brelsford didn't X-ray Richard's arteries because, he explains, "You do it only if you have a pretty good reason." A few days later, Richard went home to Louisiana for a rest.

He and an old friend, former major-league pitcher Ralph Garr, fished together. Garr is from Ruston, just four miles from Richard's childhood home in Vienna. "He was really tense, acting like he was really depressed and tired," Garr says. "I asked him about his arm. He said, 'Hey, man. I been pitching a lot. My arm's tired.' He didn't want to discuss it."

After returning to Houston, Richard checked into Methodist Hospital on July 23 for three days of testing. Arteriography, a process in which an opaque dye is injected into the bloodstream, revealed the occlusion of the distal subclavian and

Cabeel contends the media might have acted in a different way if Richard were a white star

axillary arteries leading into his arm. It also showed the development of the collateral artery system.

So that was it. The discovery of the clot explained the mystery of the tired arm and reduced many of his critics to pained, embarrassed silence. McCollum and Brelsford agreed not to operate. The clot wasn't likely to move. And they feared that an operation might diminish Richard's pitching ability. They thought he might be able to continue pitching this year, though for shorter intervals, if the collateral system kept improving. It was decided that Richard could work out under close observation. Ewell was the observer on the morning Richard collapsed in the Dome.

Richard's ambulance arrived at the Methodist Hospital emergency room at 12:20 p.m. His condition was unstable, his heartbeat irregular. In intensive care his condition stabilized, but then it was discovered that he had no pulse in the right carotid artery leading to the brain. His nail beds were turning blue. He underwent emergency tests. One of them, an arteriogram, revealed something that both surprised and baffled McCollum. The clot had increased in size. Now it was cutting off the flow of blood to the proximal subclavian artery from which the collateral system had developed. This explained the blue fingernails. The clot also blocked off the innominate artery, which leads from the aorta, and above that the common carotid. It was this blockage that caused the stroke.

"We don't know what caused the blockage," McCollum says. "Even after all this time we still don't know. We really don't know what happened or why it happened. We've been over all the various possibilities."

Two of the three possibilities considered were rejected because tests suggested otherwise. The third possibility was that Richard suffered from a retrograde thrombosis, an extremely rare occurrence in which a clot moves counter to the flow of blood. "It doesn't make sense," McCollum says.

With circulation to the brain and arm cut off, with Richard's life in danger, the decision to operate was made. At 8:10 p.m., seven hours and 50 minutes after Richard entered the emergency room, he was given a general anesthetic. McCollum performed the surgery, removing the occlusion from the carotid and subclavian arteries. There was some difficulty

eliminating the blockage from the distal subclavian. So it wasn't removed. But McCollum says it poses no threat.

Whether Richard will ever pitch again is problematical. No one yet knows how much permanent damage the stroke inflicted. But the entire episode left more than just unresolved medical questions.

For example, why didn't people believe the man when he said his arm was tired? Was it because, as some suggest, Houston fans didn't want to believe it, didn't want to face the fact that their best pitcher—a, possibly the, key to their pennant hopes—was suddenly unable to perform like his old indestructible self? There was an aura of indestructibility about Richard, similar to that which clings to the other superstar in the town, Earl Campbell. Surely Earl will always rise when the pileup disperses and that great giant of a righthander will always take his turn in the rotation and fire a hundred BB's over two hours.

But how could anyone have believed that Richard was dogging it? That he was guileless or lacked personal pride? This was a man who had been a workhorse for as long as he had been on the pitching staff. Until the clot weakened him, he hadn't missed a start in five years.

Reich believes Richard became a victim of a new phenomenon that is national in scope—fans and press demanding more of players making megabucks. "The big salaries have raised the expectations of the fans and the media as to how those players should perform," Reich says. "A lot of guys are getting eaten alive." He not only represents Richard, but also Dave Parker and George Foster—each of whom has felt the heat of that fire.

The feeling also exists that if Richard had been a white superstar—a Sandy Koufax, say—he would have been treated differently if he complained of a tired

arm. "We always knew we had to be better," says Enos Cabell, the Astros' third baseman and Richard's closest friend. "There is a difference."

"Black and big, a big star," says Carolyn Richard. "Other guys had problems on the Astros. Ken Forsch [a white pitcher] had problems. He was out a whole half of a season. Ryan hasn't been pitching to his ability. I've never seen a player dragged through the mud like this. I don't know why, in 1980, they chose to do it to Rodney. But they did. It's something we'll never forget. Never. It was like a wildfire. It took death, or nearly death, to get an apology. They should have believed him."

They do now.

In a mea culpa for the local press, Mickey Herskowitz of *The Houston Post* wrote on Aug. 3: "Guilt has seized a lot of people in this town who believed in the weeks before his problem was diagnosed ... that Richard was playing his own kind of game. Some wrote or said as much, and if anyone expressed any sympathy, or offered him the benefit of the doubt, no real notice was paid. ... Our concern and shock were mixed with embarrassment and we ought to admit it."

Virdon believes there is another lesson to be learned. "Always double-check, triple-check," he says. "Even though nobody finds anything, if a guy keeps saying there's something wrong, you've got to be thorough. It's the only protection you have."

At Methodist Hospital, Chuck Berry has finally found the corkscrew, and the bottle is open. He stands at the foot of Richard's bed. Kathy Burke whispers to Richard: "Look who's here." Richard opens his eyes, smiles and sits up. The 1977 Chablis is poured into plastic cups.

"J.R.," Berry says, "here's to you."

Everyone drinks. Richard smiles.

"Wine—boy!" he says.

END

When it became clear that Richard was indeed ailing, fans honored him with signs, cards and gifts



JACK, THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS

Jack Nicklaus not only rediscovered his putting stroke in time to win a record 19th major tournament, but he also nearly lapped the field with his seven-stroke victory in the PGA Championship at newly treacherous Oak Hill **by DAN JENKINS**

With that flying right elbow on his backswing and those small hands that force him to use the unorthodox interlocking grip and all of that time he takes standing over his putts, the chances are that Jack Nicklaus probably will never win 30 major championships. It has to catch up with him sooner or later, any golfing expert can see that.

Yeah, sure. Jack won his 19th major—six more than Bobby Jones or anyone else, ever—last week by turning the PGA Championship at the Oak Hill Country Club in Rochester, N.Y. into a hunting expedition in which you were supposed to find the rest of the field. But you could see that because of Nicklaus' age, which is 40, his desire and the mechanics of his game were deteriorating at the finish.

He made a bogey on the next-to-last hole and won his fifth PGA by only seven strokes, not eight. Oak Hill was definitely the beginning of the end because the course had been made tougher to prevent anyone from shooting an embarrassing 275, five under par, as Lee Trevino had back in 1968 when he won the U.S. Open. And on this tree-infested, rough-gnarled, water-patrolled layout, which had been carefully, even evilly, doctor'd, the best Jack could do was fire rounds of 70, 69, 66 and 69 for a total of 274.

Strangely, at the beginning of the week Nicklaus probably would have settled for a 274 for three rounds, not four. Like most golfers in their 40s, Nicklaus had lost his putting stroke somewhere, probably on the basketball court alongside his home at Lost Tree Village in Florida. He said he had used some 40 putts in one exhibition round with Tom Watson at Lake Tahoe, meaning he had suffered at least four three-putt greens—a year's supply in the good old days.

Nicklaus' putting was in such a sad state that he was even thinking of abandoning the old George Low flange-model putter that he had used in winning 17 of

his 18 previous major championships. In 1967 Nicklaus won the U.S. Open at Baltusrol with his so-called White Fang putter, a center-shafted gold Bulls Eye that his wife, Barbara, kept dipping in white paint. But White Fang's luster wore off, and Nicklaus abandoned it after the '68 Open at Oak Hill. Two weeks ago, Nicklaus sent out to a number of golf shops for a handful of different putters

and took many of them north; he tried one model, a Ping A-Blade similar to the putter preferred by Watson, for three straight practice rounds at Muirfield Village in his native Columbus, but that didn't seem to be the answer, either. Earlier he had even removed White Fang from the trophy case at Muirfield and put it in his bag—just in case he felt the urge. But back it went—unused.



Following through on his stroke and keeping the blade dead on line, Nicklaus rarely missed a putt

Then, on Monday night, following Jack Nicklaus Day in Columbus, Nicklaus was on the putting green at Muirfield with his son, Jackie, a two-hand-capper who starts college at North Carolina this fall. Jack couldn't hole anything, as usual, and was growing more exasperated by the minute. But Jackie came to the rescue, telling his father that his stance looked peculiar and that he was quitting on the stroke after impact and pulling his putter to the left.

Ah, thanks, son, and here's your allowance. Jack not only took Jackie's advice, he suddenly started to hole everything—and never stopped. In his four rounds at Oak Hill, Nicklaus, using his trusty Low flange, had only 117 putts, including just 27 on Friday and 28 on Saturday, and every time he "needed" a putt he made it.

And so the major championships keep piling up for this most remarkable of athletes. In case you've been moonstruck on an atoll for the last 20 years, Nicklaus now has won five Masters, four U.S. Opens, three British Opens and two U.S. Amateurs in addition to those five PGAs.

By adding this PGA to the U.S. Open he tore out of the New Jersey woods at Baltusrol in June, Jack became only the third man in history to take those two titles in the same year. Gene Sarazen did it in 1922 and Ben Hogan did it in 1948. Good company. Last week's victory in the city that produced Walter Hagen also marked the fifth time in his career that Jack claimed two majors in the same year, and it enabled him to tie Hagen in the category of Most PGA Championships Won. The world's largest bookshelf may be needed one of these days to store all the records that belong to Nicklaus.

The amusing thing about the 62nd PGA is that it came down to a contest between Nicklaus and the architects who had changed Oak Hill, and had done it much to the displeasure of just about every competitor in the field except Jack. These gentlemen were George Fazio, the old pro, and his nephew Tom.

When the golfers arrived and saw what the Fazioes had done to the course, they started howling. They didn't like the new 5th and 6th holes, a narrow and brutal par-4 and a dangerous par-3, respectively. And they didn't like the new 15th, a demanding par-3, any more than the new 18th, which had become a more rugged par-4. They didn't like the way water hazards had been brought more directly into

play, and they didn't like the shape of the greens, which were supposed to keep golf balls as far away from the pins as Toronto. And because Oak Hill was originally a Donald Ross course, and Ross is the Michelangelo of golf architects, the players yelled even louder.

Tom Weiskopf, a legendary howler, said, "I'm going to start an organization called the Classic Golf Course Preservation Society. Members get to carry loaded guns in case they see anybody touching a Donald Ross course."

Tom Watson, who solved Oak Hill only in the last round with a 67 that drew him into a tie for 10th place, said, "I don't think it's asking too much for a green to have a landing area where a good golf shot can get closer than 30 feet to the flag."

And Trevino, who had conquered the old Oak Hill and had his fond memories erased by the changes, said after finishing in seventh place at 285, "I just feel sorry for the members. They have to play Oak Hill all year long."

What happened was this: Oak Hill wanted to get itself back into the rotation for future U.S. Opens, and the USGA—recalling Trevino's record 275—had expressed the opinion that perhaps the course was no longer tough enough. So the Fazioes were called in. Some of their doctoring was for increased difficulty and some was for better crowd control, or so said Tom Fazio. Oak Hill had the '80 PGA coming up, and had entered the bidding for the 1986 Open.

That being the case, one has to wonder whether Nicklaus' exploits have knocked Oak Hill out of any future majors. His 274 not only leveled the field, but it also represented a TKO over the Fazioes, although Nicklaus did bogey their new 5th hole three times in the process of leaving Andy Bean, the runner-up, so many strokes in the distance he might as well have been Tom Fazio standing on the Oak Hill veranda.

But the answer to that question is: probably not. Oak Hill is still an unyielding golf course, one that only Jack Nicklaus could defeat. After all, no other player broke par of 280. And Nicklaus' scores were as much the result of his having a good week on the greens as they were of his shotmaking.

The only time Oak Hill really traded blows with Nicklaus was in Saturday's third round, although for 14 holes it ap-

peared that he might shoot something like the astonishing 63 he had scored in the opening round at Baltusrol. He had made seven birdies and was six under par on the round and well on his way to taking the tournament away from the chips who had led earlier, Craig Stadler after 18 and Gil Morgan after 36, not to forget his only serious pursuers, Bean and Lon Hinkle. "Jack was playing in a different world," Hinkle said.

But Saturday was the day Jack only played 14 holes. He three-putted the 15th, then briefly lost communication with his tee ball. A dive-bomb hook almost sent him out of bounds on the par-4 16th—his ball caromed off a fence and luckily stayed in play—and his second shot landed in a greenside trap, but he salvaged a par with a good putt. Another wild tee shot at 17 put him in position for an inescapable bogey. And still another poor tee shot on 18 might have meant another bogey, but his putter saved him again. Despite all this, Nicklaus shot a 66, the low round of the tournament.

Jack's lapse, however, enabled Hinkle, who birdied the 15th and 17th, to make up four strokes in the last four holes, and it left Nicklaus with only a three-shot lead over Hinkle going into Sunday.

Nicklaus went to the practice area Saturday evening and got straight with his swing. "Too short on the backswing," was his explanation for those hooks. And, indeed, there were none of those on Sunday when Nicklaus played and putted masterfully and quickly built his lead to five strokes after three holes, seven after 13 and eight after 14. He lost one stroke off his insurmountable lead while strolling through the last four holes, but his victory margin of seven shots was still another record.

"I guess it might have looked like a dull day to most people," Jack said, "but it wasn't dull to me. I played well, but you have to be on this golf course. You have to play Oak Hill. If you wait for somebody to catch you, they will. I think that's a compliment to the course. It's a marvelous layout and it was in beautiful condition. I got lucky and managed to stay ahead of it."

Nicklaus added, "In judging how Oak Hill performed, I don't think anybody ought to look at what I did. They ought to look at what the rest of the field did."

If anyone could find the other players, they would, Jack.

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As the new No. 1 quarterback for, ahem, America's team, White will have to contend with older and better pass rushers when the season gets under way

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE

Roger Staubach having retired, the Dallas Cowboys dream of beginning a bright new era of Super Bowls with Danny White at the helm **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

From the moment the ball was snapped and the Dallas receivers headed downfield, Roger Staubach could see that the Green Bay defense had reacted so quickly that the pass wouldn't be easy to complete. Wide Receiver Tony Hill, a hummingbird with hands, was being shadowed by Cornerback Mike McCoy along the left sideline, and when Hill broke toward midfield, Free Safety Howard Sampson began closing on him. Any pass to Hill would have to be gunned between Sampson and McCoy on an absolutely flat trajectory from 25 yards down-range. It was a pass Staubach had thrown in dozens of critical situations during his 11 seasons as the Cowboys'

quarterback, usually for big yardage, and he could see that it was the only pass that would keep Dallas' third-period drive from sputtering to a halt. From the broadcast booth in Texas Stadium last Saturday night, Staubach could see all these things, but there was nothing he could do about them. So, like everyone else in the crowd of nearly 55,000, Staubach watched anxiously as Danny White cocked his arm. What White did was fire a perfect strike to Hill for a gain of 19 yards and a first down.

The pass to Hill was neither the first White completed Saturday evening nor the longest, but it went a long way toward dispelling any doubts Dallas fans

might have had about White's arm and his tenacity. Staubach, who retired last March, had proved the worth of his arm by becoming the NFL's alltime passing leader, and he had proved there was more to the job than just hitting receivers by bringing the Cowboys from behind to win 23 games in the fourth quarter, 14 of those in the final two minutes. When Staubach hung it up at the age of 38, the Cowboys were left with a large gap to fill, and one Great White Hope to fill it.

White answered a lot of questions, and probably a few prayers, in his first appearance as Staubach's successor. In just a little over two quarters of playing time in the preseason opener against the Packers, he completed seven of 13 passes for 99 yards and guided Dallas to its first two scores in a 17-14 victory. Twice when White was forced to scramble out of the pocket, he turned potential losses into big plays, running for 11 yards the first time and throwing a 24-yard pass to

Tight End Jay Saldi in the third period to set up the Cowboys' first touchdown.

White's debut as No. 1 quarterback—he has been the Cowboys' No. 1 punter for the last four seasons—had been awaited in Dallas with a mixture of eagerness and dread, but most of the misgivings were soon forgotten. "To say that we have as much confidence in Danny as we did in Roger, after all the things he did for this team, would be ridiculous at this point," said Wide Receiver Drew Pearson, "but we've worked with Danny for four years, and we all know what he can do."

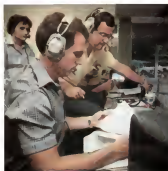
Earlier in the week at the club's training camp in Thousand Oaks, Calif., Cowboy President Tex Schramm had grandiosely billed Saturday's game as "the start of the Danny White Decade." As the principal architect of the strong Dallas teams of the past 15 years, Schramm knew the Cowboys faced a difficult period of transition. *(continued)*



White may not be a 50 pound weakling, but as a weightlifter he's no match for Sultan Rakhmanov



Quarterback hopefuls Doug Whitehead (10), Mike Mancuso, White and Gary Hogeboom all practiced doing things by the numbers, the Tom Landry way



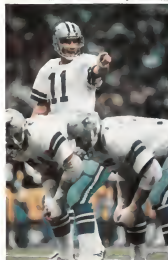
Staubach critiqued White's debut as a starter.

GREAT WHITE HOPE *continued*

"One of the reasons for our great success in the '70s," said Schramm, "was the tremendous confidence everybody in the organization had that no matter what happened, in the end Roger would somehow find a way to win the game. When a player who has been such an integral part of your team leaves, the personality of the team can never again be quite the same. That's not to say it can't be as successful, just not the same. So the Cowboys of the '80s will adapt to Danny White."

Nobody expected that to happen right away, least of all White himself. There was still the memory of four frustrating

White wasted no time assuming the role of boss.



years in Staubach's shadow to erase, so for White, the Packer game was important primarily because it was his first opportunity to be seen in public without his commas. During his understudy days the annoying little punctuation marks had followed White's name like midget footmen. At official functions he was Danny White comma the Cowboys' backup quarterback comma. At dinner parties he was Danny White comma the heir apparent to Roger Staubach comma. And when the TV cameras panned the sidelines, he was Danny White comma who could probably be starting for most teams in the NFL comma. "I heard that last one all the time," White says, "and it slowly drove me crazy. I would hear people say I could be starting somewhere else, and that would remind me how frustrated I was. It got so bad that when people introduced me as Danny White, backup quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys, I felt like strangling them."

Though it is widely known only in Memphis, White, in fact, did begin his professional career as a starter. The Cowboys selected White, who played for Arizona State, in the third round of the '74 college draft, but when the Memphis Southern of the World Football League offered him a contract worth twice what Dallas would pay, White signed. He played for them a season and a half, completing 183 of 350 passes for 2,635 yards and 21 touchdowns. He also led the league in punting one season, and he might very well have stayed in Memphis had the WFL not folded at the midpoint of his second season. Even in Memphis, though, he spent part of his time as a backup—to John Huarte, who had won the Heisman Trophy in 1964, thus preventing a Naval Academy cadet named Roger Staubach from winning it two years in a row.

White's career with the Cowboys got off to a promising start in 1976, then went steadily downhill. When Staubach injured his passing hand and had to be taken out of a game with Chicago during White's first season in Dallas, the rookie came in and threw two touchdown passes for a 31-21 Cowboy victory. That put Dallas in first place in the NFC East with a 6-1 record, and with Staubach still nursing the hand before a game against the pathetic New York Giants, White assumed that Dallas Coach Tom Landry would call on him to start. It wasn't until the Cowboys were lined up

to be introduced that Danny saw Staubach and realized that he, White, would be spending the afternoon on the bench. "It was a real blow to me," he says, "because I felt the coach didn't have any confidence in me at all. If the Cowboys believed that Roger was better injured than I was healthy, then I began to think that maybe I belonged somewhere else."

Nothing that happened to White as a rookie could have prepared him for his second season in Dallas. That year White threw only 16 passes, completing four, and on the strength of that heroic performance—with a little help from Staubach—the Cowboys went to the Super Bowl and defeated Denver 27-10.

In 1978, with Staubach resting for the playoffs, White started Dallas' final game of the regular season in New York against the Jets, and hit 15 of 24 passes to lead Dallas to a 30-7 win. Two weeks later White got still another opportunity when Staubach was knocked unconscious near the end of the first half of the divisional playoff game against Atlanta. The Cowboys trailed 20-13 when Staubach was helped off the field, but in the second half White calmly orchestrated two touchdown drives and the Cowboys pulled out a 27-20 win. Dallas went to the Super Bowl again but lost to Pittsburgh 35-31. White was on the bench, so don't blame him.

No matter how unsettling it was for White to watch Staubach's weekly miracle show, he never expressed or displayed resentment. "That was the problem all those years," he says. "I could never get mad enough at Roger to beat him out. Not that I could have." When the team's front office initiated its ill-advised campaign to have the Cowboys be known as "America's Team," White began calling Staubach "America's Quarterback," and Staubach called White "America's Punter." Last season, before Staubach had made up his mind to retire, White slipped a note into Staubach's locker. It said: "Roger, Danny needs your locker for next year. Please turn in your equipment as soon as possible." It was signed "Coach Landry."

The Cowboys struggled last season—losing three straight games in one stretch—and it was only because Staubach had one of his most phenomenal afternoons on the final day of the regular season that Dallas slipped into the playoffs at all. White had his best season ever as a punter, finishing second in the NFC

with an average of 41.7 yards per kick, and he was miserable the whole time. "To be the quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys had always seemed a great thing to me," White says, "but there comes a time when you have to decide if you're going to be a starter or a backup for the rest of your career. Being a backup quarterback on a world championship team was one thing, but being a backup on a loser was something else."

"After we had lost our third game in a row, I finally decided to go to Coach Landry, because I had begun to get the feeling the coaches thought I was content just to be the backup quarterback. I told him what was on my mind, and he just sat there listening without saying much. Coach Landry's not one to show his emotions much. The frustration had built up inside me so badly that I would've been happy even if he had told me I was doing a lousy job, just so I'd know where I stood. But all he told me was that he wished he had more players who wanted to start as badly as I did."

Now that White has the job he has coveted for so long, he will find it as difficult to keep as it was to obtain. As soon as White was elevated to the vacant No. 1 position, the heretofore unknown Glenn Carano suddenly became Glenn Carano comma. A great prospect comma a surefire starter someday comma the heir apparent comma. "In several years there's going to be competition," says Schramm. "The only reason Carano isn't in a position to challenge now is because Danny has more experience. Danny's got the job until Carano takes him out of it. We're very pleased with Carano."

Former Dallas Defensive End Pat Toomey, now retired, has seen the Cowboys play the same kind of game with other incumbents. "There's an element of fright instilled into all the players in the Dallas system," he says. "They like to make a player feel he's in danger of losing his job to someone else, hoping that that feeling will make him a better player. To me it would add to the pressure. I've always felt a good athlete placed enough pressure on himself."

All that Landry will say is that Carano may be good enough to take the position from White. "We like competition," he says. "We think it brings out the best in people."

Danny White hopes it brings out the best in Danny White. **Period.** **END**

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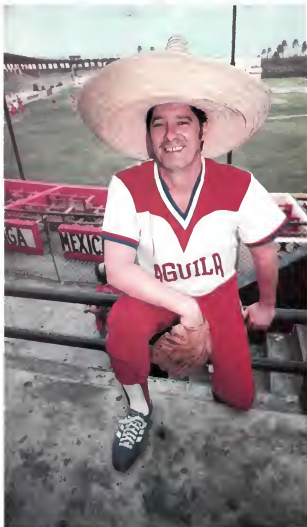
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Béisbol Is in His Blood

Cuatrecorcos, Mexico is the 30th port in the long odyssey of former major league Pitcher George Brunet

by STEVE WULF



On the day he became eligible to collect his major league pension, George Brunet of Aguila de Veracruz pitched a three-hitter to defeat León 3-0. Brunet's manager, a fellow by the name of Willie Davis, gave him a 45th-birthday present by doubling in the first run and scoring the second. After the game the ball club threw a surprise party for El Viejo, the Old Man. Brunet, genuinely surprised, blew out the candles and, with a tear in his eye, said to his friends, "Muchas gracias. Nadie nunca a hecho esto para mí." Nobody had ever done that for him. After 28 years in professional baseball, 30 different uniforms and 4,719 innings, George Brunet was finally given a day, June 8, in Veracruz, Mexico.

Brunet's odyssey, surely the most arduous in the history of baseball, began in 1953 when he was a 17-year-old kid in Ahmoek, Mich. Brunet was signed by Schoolboy Rowe and Muddy Ruel of the Detroit Tigers. If those names don't date him, just consider that Carl Yastrzemski, the present-day patriarch of the majors, was in the ninth grade. "They gave me \$500," Brunet recalls. "I bought a dining-room set for my parents, a coat for my mother and a night on the town."

Brunet first reported to Shelby, N.C. in the Class D Tar Heel League, but he had to pass through Alexandria, Va., Seminole, Okla., Hot Springs, Ark., Seminole again, Abilene, Kans., Crowley, La. and Columbia, Mo. before reaching Kansas City and the big leagues in 1956.

"I remember my debut," he says. "We

After eight seasons in places like Pasa Roca and Veracruz, Brunet has begun to look like a native.

were ahead 4-2 in the fourth, but the Red Sox had the bases loaded. Bobby Shantz would normally come in, but for some reason George Susce, the pitching coach, told me to go. I remember riding out of the bullpen in a brand-new pink Lincoln Continental. I had no idea who was up, and now that I think about it, Hal Smith, the catcher, knew better than to tell me. The guy swings at my first fastball and misses, then fouls off another one, and I'm ahead 0-2 when it dawns on me that I'm pitching to Ted Williams. This is my idol. My legs start shaking. Somehow I get the ball up to the plate, and he hits a sharp grounder that Vic Power at first base turns into a double play. When I got back to the dugout and sat down, I literally cried out of relief. The next day Williams comes over to me before the game and says, 'Kud, if you keep that fastball down, you've got a long career ahead of you.'

There are two points to that story: 1) Guys that George Brunet once played with are now worth big money in vintage bubble-gum cards, and 2) Ted Williams knew what he was talking about.

In the next eight seasons the well-traveled Brunet went down to Little Rock, back up to Kansas City, down to Buffalo, down to Little Rock again, out to Portland, Ore., up to the Athletics once more, down to Louisville, up to Milwaukee, down to Vancouver, across to Hawaii, over to Oklahoma City, up to Houston, down to Oklahoma City again, up to Baltimore, down to Rochester, back to Oklahoma City and finally, in 1964, up to Los Angeles.

From 1965 through 1968, Brunet was one of the lefthanded pitchers in the league, averaging 226 innings a year with an ERA of 3.03. He began to bounce around again in 1969, when he was traded to the Seattle Pilots. In 1970 he pitched for the Washington Senators, managed by Ted Williams, and the Pittsburgh Pirates. In 1971 the St. Louis Cardinals used him for only nine innings. He went back to Hawaii for the rest of 1971 and all of 1972. While in Hawaii, he got an offer to pitch in Japan, but held out, waiting for a call from the Minnesota Twins. The call hasn't come, and Brunet never made it back to the big time. He left with a career won-lost record of 69-93 and a 3.62 ERA. His pension time,

according to Brunet, comes to "13 years, three months and 20 days."

In his peripatetic career Brunet has pitched for a lot of peripatetic teams. He belonged to the Philadelphia Athletics for a short time before they moved to Kansas City, and later to Oakland. He pitched for the Milwaukee Braves before they were shifted to Atlanta, the Houston Colt 45s before they became the Astros, the Los Angeles Angels before they adopted California, the Pilots before they turned into the Milwaukee Brewers, and the Senators before they were transformed into the Texas Rangers. Not only did these teams have identity crises, but they were also bad.

Brunet has survived because he has a great left arm. It is such a medical marvel, in fact, that he has had arm trouble just once. "That was back in 1958, a blood clot in my throwing arm," he says. "Kept me out for two weeks." Other pitchers have labored as long as Brunet, but almost all of them were relievers. Brunet has been a starter almost exclusively all this time. Performing in the Mexican League in the summer and the Mexican Pacific League in the winter, Brunet throws about 400 innings a year, although his statistics in the winter league aren't included in his official record. And he has made no concession to age. He is still a fastball and curveball pitcher, and he still challenges hitters, which is rare in the Mexican League, where nobody over six feet gets to see a fastball. When he pitched the three-hitter on his birthday, Brunet struck out Ivan Murrell, a former San Diego Padre and the Mexican League home-run leader, three times. "He still goes after you," says Murrell. "He's better than a lot of guys in the majors right now."

Before a strike cut short the season by two months, Brunet had eight shutouts, which is only two short of the league record. But even if the strike forestalled Brunet's pursuit of the record, it didn't stop him from pitching. He merely joined Coatzacoalcas, one of the six teams that stayed together to play a new schedule.

Over the course of his career, Brunet has struck out 3,631 batters, which easily surpasses Walter Johnson's major league lifetime record of 3,508. Even more amazing, Brunet has pitched all this time with nothing on under his uniform

pants, which certainly makes him the greatest pitcher in baseball history never to wear a jockstrap and cup. "I just always felt more comfortable that way," he says. "Of course, getting out of the way of ground balls up the middle has cost me a few singles over the years."

His independent streak has always gotten Brunet in trouble. Perhaps the best measure of his arm is that it has persuaded so many teams to overlook the rest of him. "I was never a guy to hang around and kiss anyone's butt," he says. "I didn't have the right kind of personality for managers. If I didn't pitch as well as I did, I wouldn't have had any career at all."

Brunet mentions the spring of 1959, when he was going north with the A's as the fifth starter. A couple of nights before the A's broke camp, he and some of the boys were painting West Palm Beach, Fla. red. About 3 a.m. Brunet found himself directing traffic in front of the team's

continued

The form is familiar, but the physique isn't.





Player Davis steps quickly around the bases, but Manager Davis is careful not to step on anybody

REISOL continued

hotel. One of the cars he stopped contained Parke Carroll, the A's G.M., and Harry Craft, the manager. After Brunet showed up late for a team meeting the next day, George Selkirk, the farm director, called him in for a little chat. "George told me I really screwed up," Brunet recalls. "He said they were going to have to make an example of me and send me down." The A's did more than just send him down. Early the next season they traded him to the Braves.

In Milwaukee, Brunet found his role model, pitcher Bob Buhl. "One time we were pulling into a city," he says, "and Charlie Dressen [the manager] gets up in the front of the bus and says that anybody not in their room by midnight will be fined \$500. Well, Buhl marches right up to Dressen, peels \$500 off his bankroll, hands it to him and walks off the bus. Now that's class."

Brunet even antagonized the one manager who gave him a chance, Bill Rigney. "I lost a lot of one-run games with the Angels," he says, "and Rigney used to say to me, 'I owe you a game,' every time he took me out. But one time I really got angry when he took me out, and we had words in the dugout. He knew enough to stop, but I just had to keep going.

Finally, Rigney starts counting. '\$100, \$200, \$300.' I didn't stop until he hit \$700. Then I went in and tore the clubhouse apart. The next day I came in and wrote out a check for \$700 to the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Fund."

Brunet was never much for running, either, which annoyed his pitching coaches and helped build his considerable girth. Nowadays Brunet looks a little like Yastrzemski gone to seed. In 1973 Hawaii Manager Rocky Bridges gave him his walking papers because, he said, Brunet was out of shape. After a brief stop in Eugene, Ore. Brunet was out of baseball. "I spent part of the year coaching some kids in a Senior Division league in Anaheim," he says. "We weren't far from the Angels' ball park, so I could see the lights every night. One night I just looked at those lights and said, 'What the hell am I doing here?'"

So Brunet headed for Mexico, Poza Rica to be exact. He became one of the best pitchers in the league (62-55, 2.55 ERA) on one of the worst teams. In 1977—this should come as a chuckle to his former managers—Brunet even took over as the manager of Poza Rica. "It wasn't bad, but it got embarrassing losing every night," he says, explaining why

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY MALLAN

he went back to pitching. On June 20 of that year, at the age of 42, he threw a no-hitter. He pitched in Poza Rica again in 1978, striking out 208 batters in 246 innings, and last year he was traded twice—to the expansion team in Coahuila de Zaragoza and then to Mexico City. Overall, he won 14 games and had a 3.13 ERA. Before the start of this season he was again traded, this time to a new team in Veracruz. Before the strike began on July 2, he was 11-10 with a 2.61 ERA.

Brunet says he's devoted to his three children back home in Anaheim, but he only gives them the three or four weeks between seasons. He is sensitive to the hardships of the Mexican ballplayer, who earns as little as \$400 a month, yet as soon as the strike (over the formation of a players' association) was called, he found himself another team.

Brunet has adapted well to Mexican life. Most ballplayers from the States don't last more than a year or two, but Brunet is now in his eighth season. Each established club is allowed only three imports, while expansion teams get four, and former major-leaguers like George Scott, Mike Kekich, Clarence Gaston, Mike Paul and Bart Johnson have found their way south of the border. The Mexican League is Class AAA in designation, but it seems closer to Double A in performance. An American can make good money—Brunet earns about \$3,500 a month—and it's a way to keep a career alive. That is, if you call this living.

For one thing, there's the travel. A short bus trip is six hours. Gaston recalls going from León to Tabasco in 21 hours—approximately the time it takes to travel from Philadelphia to Miami. Players can pass the hours by counting the crosses at the side of the road on hair-pin turns. If the buses don't get to the players, Montezuma's revenge will. Almost nobody escapes. And sometimes the illness can be much worse. One Veracruz relief pitcher went on the disabled list this year with food poisoning.

Playing in the league can also be a frightening experience. The local police sometimes like to hang out in the dugout, wielding M-16s as if they were Louisville Sluggers. Brunet says he's had a gun pulled on him five or six times. "No big deal," he says. Sometimes the local fauna can be just as scary. Ballplayers say there is nothing quite like the sight of fans pelting

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each other and the field with live snakes.

The high emotional pitch also takes some getting used to. "If it weren't against the law, they really would kill the umpire," says Brunet. In a game between Veracruz and León, an argument with the umpire not only brought the León manager to home plate, but also coaches, players, a dwarf but boy known as Spider, reporters, photographers, radio announcers and interested spectators. As usually occurs in the States, too, the umpire prevailed.

As for life outside the ball park, well, sitting in front of an air conditioner is a major form of recreation. Mexico is, in the word of Veracruz Centerfielder Victor M. Felix, "coccibhott." Last year Felix played for Tabasco, which didn't have a sauce named after it for nothing. Another favorite pastime among Mexican Leaguers is lighting up the local brand of smoke. Outfield grass refers to what the players have during batting practice, not what lies beyond the infield. Brunet prefers the more traditional methods of intoxication. He's slowed down some since his days in the majors, though. His pet Chihuahua, Nurci, keeps him in line. "She won't come near me when I'm drunk," he says.

There are times when Brunet finds himself caught between two worlds. "I'm still an outsider down here. But it's not easy going back to the States, either," he says. "When I do go back, I don't know what they're talking about. It's like I just heard about the Lindbergh baby." But Brunet's position has made him a sort of unofficial ambassador in the Mexican League. Americans are always coming to him for advice, and he's always willing to tell them what not to eat, where to have a good time and whom to watch out for. "You've got to watch your glove at all times," he warns. "Even on the bench. You can never catch these kids. They just walk in, walk out and the glove is gone."

Some of the children may be thieves, but they are also a big part of what's special about Mexican baseball. They hang over the dugouts and even sit on the benches. They've especially taken to Davis, whom they call "Wee-lee," as in "Wee-lee, pelota. Wee-lee, pelota."

Davis doesn't know Spanish, and the children don't know English, but they communicate. As one Veracruz coach says, "Béisbol universal." Veracruz even has its own version of the San Diego Chicken, the *Aguila*, a plump old man swathed in red-cotton feathers.

Veracruz is Mexico's largest port and oldest city, a working town that relies more on shipping than on tourism. Veracruz also has a baseball history: Josh Gibson, Monte Irvin and Cool Papa Bell have played there. Several years ago the ball club was sold and moved to Aguas-

Davis brings special skills to the job. Twice during Brunet's birthday shutoff he somehow conjured up double plays. He is so mesmerizing that he even has Brunet believing in reincarnation. George believes he can come back as a major league reliever. Very soon.

"I know I can pitch two or three innings at a time up there," he says. "I know I can pitch better than what's his name, Burgermeyer [Tom Burgmeier, who, unbeknownst to Brunet, is having a fine season]. But somebody would have to ask me, and those days are gone. People

up there must think I'm a fat old man who can barely get the ball up to the plate. Guys come down here and say, 'George, is that you?' I thought that was your son pitching down here."

"Maybe I'll go home in September and ask Jim Fregosi if I can work out with the Angels. All I ask is for someone to give me 30 pitches on the side and I'll show them what I can do. If I can't do it, fine. They can say, 'What is this piece of dog doo doing out here?'"

But Brunet hasn't been toiling all this time just for another shot in the major leagues. "To be honest with you, it's the only thing I know," he says. "Nobody's going to take a 45-year-old man and train him for a new career. Besides, I can't think of anything that has made me happier than pitching. Still, I wish I had a dollar for every batter I ever faced." That, George, would come to more than \$20,000.

If and when Brunet gives it up, he has a standing offer to be a fishing guide from Jerry Crider, a former White Sox pitcher who runs a hunting and fishing lodge on the coast of Mexico. Brunet would especially like that, because of what happened 30 years ago when the whole thing started.

"It was on my 15th birthday," he recalls. "I was going fishing when it began to rain, so I headed back. I wandered over to one of the games they played in Ahmek. They needed a pitcher, so they asked me. Most of those guys were a lot older than I was, and I had on my fishing boots with the hobs on them. But damn if I didn't go out there and throw a no-hitter. Hell, this is easy. I thought, Little did I know."



San Diego has its Chicken, and Veracruz has its *Aguila* (Eagle).

calientes, but this year the team returned with Bobby Avila as the principal owner. Avila, the 1954 American League batting champion with Cleveland, is the former mayor of Veracruz. The club had been averaging 4,000 fans per game before the strike, thanks in no small part to Brunet and Davis.

In their four months together, Brunet and the 40-year-old Davis made quite a team. Davis' philosophy of running a ball club can best be summed up by his belief that "if you step on people in this life, you're going to come back as a cockroach." Needless to say, he runs a loose ship, which suits Brunet just fine.

END

It is a balmy May evening in Port Jervis, N.Y., and the folks stacked inside the Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant off Main Street are crunching away and lickin' their fingers, and you expect to see the Colonel show up at any minute—white hair, goatee, white suit and all. But instead, here comes a short, blond man in a safari hat, approaching the huge plate-glass window with an ecstatic, dreamy look. He then begins to pluck insects delicately off the glass with a pair of tweezers. "*Epeorus pleuralis*," he murmurs. His name is Paul Schmookler, and he is a trout fisherman hooked on trout-stream insects. *Epeorus pleuralis* is a mayfly, and there are thousands plastered against the window. Inside, some customers stop eating; others grind on abstractedly, oblivious of the sicko outside. Schmookler continues to collect, carefully placing each mayfly in a small vial which he tucks inside a pouch hanging from his shoulder. The manager appears behind the thick glass, looking for all the world like Franklin Pangborn suddenly confronted by W.C. Fields. Pangborn gestures. The gesture says, "Get the hell out of here!" Schmookler continues to pluck away until his pouch is full. "Best collecting place around," he says. He gets into his car to head home to the Bronx, 90 miles away. "Strange world," he says. "People get upset if someone is picking insects off a window."

Although an advanced case, Schmookler is typical of an increasing number of fishermen who are becoming more fascinated by the insects trout feed upon than the fish themselves. Among their quarry are the delicate mayflies that emerge from a stream to live only for a day or two. Because of this fleeting existence the order to which mayflies belong is called the Ephemeroptera. Then there are the wormlike caddis larvae of the order Trichoptera that weave nets like underwater spiders or build houses out of twigs, leaves and grains of sand. And there are the Plecoptera, stoneflies, ranging from the tiny dark *Allocaopia* that emerge in midwinter to the chocolate-brown *Pteronarcys*, some fully two inches long and a succulent snack indeed for a trout.

All these bugs have their buffs. Schmookler, for instance, is particularly smitten with stoneflies, the Plecoptera.

In Manhattan, Larry Solomon, a former president of the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, raises mayflies and caddis in his apartment. In Branford, Conn., Dr. Wilbur G. Downs, professor of epidemiology at the Yale Medical School, has pretty much put aside his fly rod in favor of collecting caddis, mayflies and stoneflies from streams in the Northeast. "It's an epidemic!" exclaims the epidemiologist of the burgeoning interest

Whether examining a finger-lickin' good window or hefting 50-pound rocks in a stream, some anglers are bugs over collecting aquatic insects

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

in the life-styles of aquatic insects.

In Portland, Ore., Rick Hafele, an entomologist, teams up on winter weekends with Dave Hughes, a freelance writer, to conduct an eight-hour workshop. Entomology and the Artificial Fly, in which they discuss insect identification and behavior and collecting methods on the stream. Touring Oregon, Washington and California, they rent motel conference rooms and charge \$30 a person for a session, lunch included.

In Denton, Texas, Kenneth W. Stewart gets himself up for the day by playing a tape recording of the drumming signals of courting stoneflies. Some male stoneflies signal for unmated females by drumming the ground with their abdomens, and the females respond in kind to a male with the right vibes. A trout fisherman, Stewart is head of the Department of Biological Sciences at North Texas State University, and he and a colleague, Bill Stark of Mississippi College, have a five-year grant from the National Science Foundation to study the stonefly nymphs of North America. Like other aquatic insects, stoneflies live underwater as nymphs before emerging from a stream to mate as adults.

Working out the life histories of the 500 or so stoneflies known in the U.S. and Canada is an intricate business. Most species can be identified with certainty only by means of an examination of the genitalia of the adult male. Indeed, this holds true for most insects, but stoneflies offer a further difficulty in that their

lives sometimes develop erratically. The eggs and nymphs of some species can go into "diapause," a state of arrested development that may last as long as a year. This is one reason why the nymphs of more than half the stoneflies in the U.S. have yet to be identified by species. To identify them positively, in most cases, it is necessary that they be reared in cages set in a stream or in a laboratory aquarium. When they emerge, the

YEP,



adults can be correlated with the cast outer skins of the male or the female nymphs of a given species. Stewart's passion for categorizing stoneflies is such that he once rushed maturing nymphs of *Isonychia rainieri* from a small stream on Mount Hood in Oregon 1,740 miles to Denton by plane and pickup truck so he could observe them when they emerged as adults in his lab.

Both sporting and ecological consid-

erations have triggered the explosion of interest in aquatic insects. They make up the bulk of the diet of trout and other fishes, and some species of mayflies and stoneflies in particular can serve as indices of water quality. Many aquatic insects are vital links in the energy flow of a stream because they eat dead leaves that fall from trees. Most of the carbon in the world is tied up in plants, and insects have a major role in freeing it.

Moreover, a daily phenomenon known as "behavioral drift," which presumably has been going on as long as aquatic insects have been around but which was not discovered until 1960, has caused great excitement among scientists and the few anglers who know about it. Put simply, many mayflies, caddis, stoneflies, blackflies and Gammarids (crustaceans) release their hold on the bottom of a brook, stream or river in the

continued

ANOTHER NYMPHMANIAC



first few hours after sunset to drift downstream, often in enormous numbers. During a 24-hour period, 170 million mayfly nymphs of the genus *Baetis* drifted past a sampling station on the Green River in Wyoming. According to Dr. Thomas F. Waters of the University of Minnesota, a leading authority on behavioral drift, trout especially select and defend territories in a stream best suited for intercepting the drifting nymphs. Put in fisherman's terms, this means that an angler would do well to fish a nymph imitation at the head of a pool after the sun goes down.

As a result of the booming interest, the Entomological Society of America now has an aquatic insects subsection, and the Midwest Benthological Society, which started in 1953 with 13 charter members devoted to the study of organisms that live on the bottoms of rivers and lakes, now has 1,100 members and has changed its name to the North American Benthological Society. Fittingly, NABS has a stonefly as its emblem. There is a new international journal, *Aquatic Insects*, catering to bug lovers of all sorts,

and there are even three newsletters for, uh, nymphmaniacs: *Estonia*, for mayfly mavens and named for the Rev. A.E. Eaton, an Anglican vicar who studied the Ephemeroptera as a hobby in the late 19th century; *The Trichoptera Newsletter*, which is about caddis; and *Perla*, for stonefly enthusiasts.

However, the glut of information is such that even the newsletters are often a couple of years behind the breaking news on the entomological front. Then again, these publications do not feel as compelled to rush the latest news into print as, say, a football tip sheet. The editor of *Perla*, Dr. Richard Baumann, formerly of the Smithsonian and now at Brigham Young University, often appears to lapse into blissful torpor simply thinking about what he's going to print. The idea of *Perla* was first hatched in 1968 at the Fourth International Symposium on Plecoptera held in Abisko, Swedish Lapland, but Baumann didn't get out the first issue until 1974. He explained to eager readers of the premier issue, "It might appear to be late to outsiders, but anyone familiar with the

habits of many stoneflies should not be surprised. Only the first drumming signals were heard at Abisko, but even after oviposition (egg-laying), development is often not straightforward, and considerable spans of time may be spent in the dormant stages."

On the popular side, books for fishermen, such as Ernest Schwiebert's *Nymphs*, Larry Solomon and Eric Leiser's *The Caddis and the Angler*, and Al Caucci and Bob Nastasi's *Hatches*, have fueled interest. "A lot of interest has to do with all the books," says Downs, who started collecting systematically six years ago. Downs is assembling a reference collection of Northeastern aquatic insects for the Peabody Museum at Yale, and so far he has picked up about a dozen species that appear to be new to science. "This part of the country really hasn't been worked over thoroughly for a long time," he says. Downs spends the summer collecting and fly-fishing in Colorado and Wyoming, where he owns a couple of ranches, and all his Western caddis go to John Unzicker, who is working on the order at the Illinois Natural History Survey. Thrice a year the doctor also visits West Africa to look over tropical-medicine programs he has set up for Yale and the U.S. Agency for International Development, and he has collected mayflies in Tanzania, Senegal, Kenya and Nigeria. "Too much of mayfly collecting there has to be done on a one-right-stand basis," he says, "but I must say I've had some good collecting nights at airports, where the windows are brightly illuminated. If I could ever get into the upper Senegal River to work, I'd be in country with some interesting mayflies and caddis."

While collecting in the Northeast in June, Downs keeps an eye out for *Siphonisca aerodromia*, a mayfly that has not been seen alive for more than 40 years. Apparently only two entomologists, C.P. Alexander, who discovered the species in 1907 along the Sacandaga River in northern New York, and G.C. Crampton, who collected a few specimens there in the 1930s, have ever seen *Siphonisca* alive, but Downs hopes that this primitive species, a kind of dinosaur of mayflies, can be found in rivers in Vermont and New Hampshire that are similar to the Sacandaga, which has long been done in by a dam. "Everybody collecting in the East sort of



In Manhattan, Larry Solomon, a former president of the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, raises mayflies and caddis in his apartment.



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has it in the back of their minds to get *Siphonisca*," says Downs, who regularly drops in on the 90-year-old C.P. Alexander, the discoverer of the species, in Amherst, Mass. And what would happen to the person who found *Siphonisca* again? "Among the small group of cognoscenti around the world, there would be those who know that Joe Blow found *Siphonisca* in 1980," says Downs with a chuckle. "Everyone who reads *Eatonia*—and what a crowd that must be!—would surely know it. Joe Blow wouldn't be elected President of the United States, but he might get a free ticket to the next International Conference on Ephemeroptera, of which there already have been two."

Newflash: In the slow-moving world of aquatic entomology, word has just filtered out that Dr. K.E. Gibbs informed the Third International Conference on Ephemeroptera in Winnipeg last year that she had found *Siphonisca aerodroma* in abundance in central Maine. Says Downs, "My life is far from ruined. I would still like to find it myself. It's like climbing Mount Everest."

Driven as these insect trackers are, perhaps no angler is more bugs about aquatic insects than Schmookler. Now 34, he has been a collector since he was five. He also used to collect safes, but, as he says, "They got too heavy." For a long while Schmookler specialized and dealt in butterflies as a sideline, but eight years ago, when his growing lust for aquatic insects could no longer be controlled, he sold his cigarette and candy vending-machine route, which just happened to parallel several trout streams in New York and Connecticut, to turn over rocks full-time. Up to his knees in a stream, he will bend down and suddenly yank a 50-pound rock from the bottom to look at the startled creatures still clinging to the underside with their claws. "Love it, love it!" he exults. Although Schmookler has a license to collect aquatic insects in streams officially classified as trout wa-



Kenneth W. Stewart, of Denton, Texas, charges himself up for the day by playing a recording of the drumming signals of counting stoneflies.

ter in New York (a number of states require just such a license or a permit), he often collects in non-trout waters that have been junked up with debris because he can use the trash to advantage. Hellgrammite larvae dearly love to crawl under a tattered mattress on a stream bank to pupate, and several hundred nymphs of the stoneflies *Taeniopteryx nivalis* and *Brachyptera fasciata* can be found around the tubes in an old TV set where leaves have gathered.

Under the corporate names of Visual Life Sciences, Inc. and 20th Century Angler, Ltd., Schmookler has found a way to make his avocation pay off. He embeds and sells individually identified specimens of stoneflies, mayflies, caddis and other aquatic denizens in clear polycrylic blocks for \$6.75 each. Entombed in these transparent maulocums, with their natural colors still vivid and their legs extended, the insects provide fly-tiers with a far more accurate model to imitate than any two-dimensional photograph or even a soggy specimen adrift in a vial of alcohol. "A stack of them makes an instant reference library for a fisherman," Schmookler says. "He doesn't have to worry about collecting,

breaking his own leg or breaking off a leg of a specimen." The polycrylic concoction is of Schmookler's own devising, and recently he embedded a parrot in it without loss of plumage color. "I could do a mouse," he confided to a friend. "I could do a human being."

A couple of years ago, Schmookler started his own mayfly experiment in a stream on a friend's property in the Catskills. He catches pregnant females of *Ephemera simulans* and *E. varia* and has them deposit their eggs in cages made from mosquito netting, which he then places in the stream next to a silty bank. "When the eggs hatch into nymphs, they immediately go through the netting into the silt, where they will be safe from predators," he says. "In nature, many of them

would be eaten before they could get into the silt. When they emerge as adults to mate and lay eggs, the trout will have a chance at them." Inasmuch as *E. simulans* and *E. varia* use less oxygen than many other species because they are silt burrowers and because they are better able to withstand heat, Schmookler sees possibilities of stocking them in trout streams that have lost their mayfly hatches.

Schmookler's own fly tying and fishing have improved greatly as a result of collecting. "I don't claim to be a great fisherman," he says, "but I have all the confidence in the world. I know just how to tie my nymphs and just how and where to fish them in a stream. I know what's going on down there."

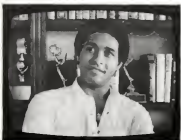
One evening a couple of months ago, Schmookler was at home happily looking over his collection of Plecoptera when the phone rang. The caller was a woman taking a political survey.

"Are you a Republican?" she asked.

"No," replied Schmookler just before the line went click. "I'm a Plecopteran."

Another newflash: the manager of the Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant in Port Jervis has put up curtains. **END**

IT'S GUMBEL, NOT MUMBLE OR BUMBLE



NBC'S MAIN SPORTS MAN KEEPS HIS COOL IN A HOT SPOT

"I'm not a whiz at play-by-play announcing," says Bryant Gumbel. "I don't like the sound of my voice. And I was never a professional athlete. My ability is to digest a lot of information, which I dispense calmly and articulately while everyone around me is going bananas."

Indeed, Gumbel's ability to keep his cool has helped make him, at the age of 31, NBC Sports' main man on camera. Gumbel was scheduled to co-anchor NBC's Olympic coverage, playing the Jim McKay role. He anchors the baseball, football and NCAA basketball tournament coverage for the network. Starting next week Gumbel will host an NBC prime-time series called *Games People Play*, a trash-sport production featuring beer-guzzling, car-crashing and barroom-bouncing contests. And starting Sept. 8 he will do three features a week for the *Today* show.

For all his video success, though, Gumbel has occasionally been criticized by blacks for, as he puts it, "not being black enough." He rejects the charge. "I've been told that I don't convey a black image," Gumbel says. "I've been told that my manner of speaking doesn't set me off as black. People say I changed my voice to get ahead. Well, this is the way I've always spoken. People say I got my first TV job at KNBC, the NBC affiliate in Los Angeles because I'm black. They're right. There is no reason in the world to cart someone with no experience in TV across the country

and put him on the air in the nation's second major market. They did it because I'm black. Period. Since then, nothing has come to me because I'm black. I offer myself as a positive black image in a passive way. If you want to accept my image, fine. If not, that's fine, too. I'm a broadcaster who happens to be black. Not a black broadcaster. And that's more than a lesson in semantics."

On camera, Gumbel is glib, earnest and low-key. He never draws a blank, or panics or gets thrown

by a dead microphone or by having too little or too much time in which to discuss the event at hand. ("I sometimes wish I could get nervous," he says.) He also refuses to superhype games, plays or players, à la Brent Musburger of CBS. "Brent tends to be a little more gosh, golly, gee whiz than I am," Gumbel says. "He'll say, 'Hey, look at that great catch,' whereas I'm more, 'This Bradshaw-to-Swann pass set up a game-tying field goal.' It's tough for me to get genuinely excited about every catch. There are only so many ways you can catch a football."

The son of a probate judge, Gumbel grew up on Chicago's South Side and went to Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, where he majored in Russian history. After graduating in 1970, he took a job as a sales representative for a New York firm that manufactured folding cartoons. Six months later he quit and subsequently started submitting articles to *Black Sports* magazine, now defunct. Within eight months Gumbel was editor of the magazine. One day in 1972 he received a call from KNBC, asking if he'd be interested in auditioning for the job of weekend sportscaster. He was flown to the West Coast for a taping session, and he remembers that a young newscaster named Tom Snyder tried to break him up while he was on camera.

On July 21, 1972, KNBC called Gumbel in New York and told him the job was his if he wanted it. Gumbel will never forget that date,

in fact, he keeps a small brown appointment book from 1972 on the nightstand by his bed, and printed in a large, neat hand across the page for July 21 is: **SUCCESS!** When Gumbel reported for work, a KNBC executive suggested that he change his name. Gumbel, he was told, was too close to Mumble and Bumble. But Gumbel said no, his name was Bryant Gumbel and so it would remain. Four years later he was sports director of KNBC.

His next career break came in 1975, when NBC suddenly needed a co-host for its new *Grandstand* show, which combined live events, features and sports news. The network flew Gumbel from L.A. to New York for live tests for *Grandstand*, and soon the job was his. For the last five years he has divided his time between coasts; he would finish his KNBC sports report on Friday night, catch the red-eye to New York, sit through all-day staff meetings at NBC on Saturday, do the network show Sunday afternoon, then jet back to L.A. in time for work on Monday. That schedule will soon be revised. NBC recently signed Gumbel to a three-year contract for a rumored \$1.5 million, and all the Gumbels—Bryant, his wife June and their 19-month-old son Bradley—will be moving to New York this fall. "But we're not going to sell our home in L.A.," Gumbel says.

Gumbel is at his professional best during the NFL season, when he hosts an extraordinary number of pregame, halftime and postgame shows each Sunday. At halftime he provides an eight-minute package of highlights and scores, and when the games are over he gives more highlights, more scores and a wrap-up. On a typical Sunday, NBC telecasts seven games. Gumbel will recapitulate New England's first half, say, then Cleveland's, then Baltimore's, or Buffalo's, or Miami's. Then, if he's lucky, Pittsburgh-Cincinnati or New York-San Diego will come in at the same time, and he'll knock them off together. By that time the first game of the day may have ended, and Gumbel will make a mad dash into the postgame show. It really gets hectic when you go from the postgame of New England-Seattle, say, to the pregame of Denver-Oakland, to halftime of Pittsburgh-Cincinnati.

"The trick," Gumbel says, "is not to give one audience the same information twice." It's a trick Gumbel performs with style. **END**

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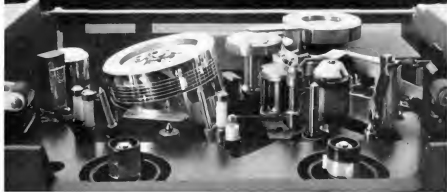
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It begins as a buzz

among the fans in the stadium, then hums through the passageways to the grandstand court and spreads with astonishing speed to the spectators watching matches on the field courts.

Within minutes almost everyone at the National Tennis Center knows what's happening. Umpires, linesmen, even the players on the outside courts recognize the stir, *who is it this time?* The fans in the mini-stands beside the field court whisper urgently, gather up food and soda coolers, cushions and programs and decamp in the middle of a game, ignoring the frowning ushers. The tunnel entrances to the stadium are suddenly jammed with excited people; they hunch up and back around the corners and into the corridors as those in front stretch their necks for a look at the scoreboard.

Upset in the

making! "He's really off today, can't keep it in the court," somebody says. "It's 4-1 in the fourth," another says. *How can he be so off?* At least the 30-second

logjam breaks and the fans flood into the stadium, their eyes systematically scanning the upper rows for seats. "Look at him, he looks beaten already," a new arrival remarks. "He's losing to whom?" a hawking fan asks in disbelief. "Was?" "Never heard of him!"

The genuinely electrifying upset, the conquest of one of the game's titans by an up-from-nowhere unknown playing the match of his or her life, is one of the rarest and most dramatic events that a tennis aficionado can behold. A fan with a reasonably healthy addiction to great tennis, one who has attended the U.S. Nationals off and on for a quarter of a century, say, from grass to clay to Deco Turf II, from Forest Hills to Flushing Meadow, from under-the-table "amateurism" to high-stakes professionalism, would be lucky to have seen a half dozen such matches in his life. The best just don't get knocked off that often, especially in the early rounds.

In the

past five U.S. Opens, for example, there have been only three

occasions when one of the top four men or women was disrespectfully dispatched in the first or second round, and all three upsets happened in the same year—1976. Even then the only certifiable stunner among them was the loss of third-seeded Martina Navratilova to Janet Newberry in a first-round three-setter, the other two major early-round upsets that year—fourth-seeded Virginia Wade's loss to Mima Jausovec and the defeat of Adriano Panatta (also seeded fourth) by Bill Scanlon—were considerably less remarkable.

But still it happens. The toughest do get chopped down, nobles and sometimes precariously, by the relatively obscure—rarely, yes, but just often enough to give you perhaps a 100-to-1 chance of seeing something extraordinary take place when you watch Borg or McEnroe slog it out with whatever

Generalities about

upsets are, of course, perilous, but the record in the U.S. championships support the notion that some top players are particularly vulnerable to giant-



The 1976 Open was upset time for third-seeded Martina Navratilova (center). A strong player, the former Czech star was stunned in the first round by Janet Newberry of California (left), who was recovering from knee surgery and had not been expected to pose a threat. That dedicated British player, Virginia Wade (right), the U.S. Open winner



in '68 and fourth-seeded in '76, became an onlooker when she was ousted by 20-year-old Mima Jausovec of Yugoslavia. The following year, 1977, the 25th anniversary of Queen Elizabeth II's reign, Wade would capture the women's singles title at Wimbledon, which had somehow eluded her before, to the delight of Britons everywhere.



killers while others are simply not to be trifled with in the early rounds. Virginia Wade, for one, seems to be forever congratulating someone with an unfamiliar and exotic name after an early match. Seeded second, third or fourth in each of the last five Opens, she failed each time to play up to her rating. Another chronic upsettee is Ilie Nastase, who has never been partial to predictable behavior anyway. Nastase followed his masterful 1972 Open victory over Arthur Ashe in the finals with a second-round loss in 1973 to Andy Pattison. In other years he has looked so inept that a ballboy of average gifts would have had a fair shot against him. Louise Brough, the American champion of the 1940s and '50s who was ranked in the top 10 for 10 consecutive years, was another easy mark for the unheralded. In 1955, when she was seeded No. 2, Brough was ejected in the second round by Belmar Gundersen, a comely blonde from North Carolina who reclaimed her previous

status as a top player by defeating her in the quarterfinals. The preeminence of Wade, Nastase and Brough among the upset-prone inclines one to the suspicion that the common denominator may be a certain temperamental fragility which surfaces



on the court as an erratic waxing and waning of confidence.

Tougher-minded characters like Bill Tilden, Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors, by contrast, have been upset-proof in the early going. Tilden, who succumbed in four sets to an otherwise undistinguished worthy named Harold Throckmorton in his first try for the U.S. grasscourt championship in 1916, went on to demonstrate an implacable consistency in the 10 championships between 1918 and 1927. He won six, was runner-up in three more and lost in the quarter-finals once (to Henri Cochet in 1926). The unflappable Chris Evert did almost as well in the U.S. Opens between 1972 and 1979. She won four, was runner-up once (last year), and lost in the semis the other three times. Chris simply concentrates too intensely to permit anything as untidy as an early-round upset. So does Jimmy Connors. Seeded either first or second in every Open since 1974, Connors has won three, lost in the finals twice and bowed out in the semifinals in 1976 (and in the last year) the other time. No upsetters need apply.



Two upsettees are '47 winner Louise Brough (left), who fell from grace in '55, and the wily, but explosive Romanian, Ilie Nastase (above), the '72 champion who suffered a loss in '73 in the second round. A persistent deflator of top-seeded egos has been Butch Walts (center), who shocked defending champion Guillermo Vilas in '78.

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The perpetrators of these outrages against the accepted order

come in at least three recognizable varieties. The first is the chronic upsetter, the second-flight player who peaks against the best and insults his superiors at regular intervals. Gal Hunt, a competent if unspectacular player of the late 1930s, hauled himself up from the heaving mass of non-seeds in successive Forest Hills outings in 1958 and '59, upending second-seeded Bobby Riggs the first time and Frank Parker the following year. Similarly, the elegant Vijay Amritraj, who has never quite crashed the world's top 10, was irreverent enough to chase Rod Laver from the Open in 1973 and to do the same to Bjorn Borg in 1974. Butch Waltz, the conqueror of defending champion Guillermo Vilas in 1978, is another persistent deflator of heroic reputations.

A second and more common type of giant-killer is the young phenom, the

Kerry Melville (bottom below) embarrassed the great Billie Jean King (below) in '66. Two other stalwarts who surprised the mighty are Vijay Amritraj (above right), who cancelled two-time Grand Slam winner Rod Laver in '73, and Gil Hunt (above left) of the '30s who toppled No. 2 Bobby Riggs in '38 and followed with Frank Parker in '39.



player who is obviously on the rise. The muscular young Chicagoan George Lott was clearly an ascending star when he surprised the stylish veteran Dick Williams at Forest Hills in 1924. So was 19-year-old Kerry Melville when she embarrassed top-seeded Billie Jean King in 1966. The fourth-seeded Sue Barker of England was given a chastening welcome to the future by 14-year-old Tracy Austin in the third round of the 1977 Open.

The final variety of upsetter is, for most of us, the most captivating of all. This is the nobody who somehow pulls it off just one time, the uncelebrated and unappreciated basher who emerges from the pack for a single glorious moment in the sun and then disappears as quickly as he materialized—exiled, perhaps, to the Isle of Forgotten Heroes, a colony populated exclusively by 24-hour headlines reading their clippings. Here resides the beguiling Belmar Gunderson, the 1955 victor over Louise Brough, and also the sturdy British groundstroker Margot Lomb, who stunned Helen Jacobs in 1938. Gordon Forbes, the South African who astonished Fred



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Two 24-hour headliners were the beautiful blonde Belmar Gunderson (below) from North Carolina who bested No. 2 Louise Brough, ranked in the top 10 for 10 consecutive years, in the second round of the '55 Open and Gordon Forbes (above), the South African who in '62 dumped Fred Stolle, acknowledged as one of the world's best players.



Stolle in the second round in 1962, as here as well, and so is the man who may be the most neglected one-day wonder in the annals of American tennis—E. W. Feibleman, a 1934 second-round winner over U.S. Davis Cupper George Lott. Feibleman, like the other island-dwellers, transformed himself into a champion for a couple of honey-sweet hours. He heard the crowd cheer and saw the reporters scribble: his chop shots, they said, were "craftily deployed on the soft turf," his drives "shrewdly conceived and widely angled." Then, like the others, he subsided into oblivion. Are you still out there, Feibleman, chopping craftily and angling your drives? Step forward, please, you and rest of them, and take another bow.

For an unseeded player the only consummation more glorious than a Feibleman-like early-round bombshell is the ultimate upset—victory in the tournament itself. Curiously enough this has happened only twice in the 50-plus years since seedings were introduced at the U.S. championships, and in both instances the unexpected champions were Australian men who probably should have

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been seeded anyway.

Mal Anderson, a skinny refugee from a Queensland cattle ranch, moved into Forest Hills in 1957 with only one Grand Slam victory in his kit, the doubles title at that year's French championships. Anderson had toiled for several seasons in the shadow of his countrymen, Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad and Ashley Cooper, but in 1957 his moment arrived. The jut-jawed ex-cowpuncher corralled his higher-ranked foes—second-seeded Dick Savitt in the third round, third-seeded Sven Davidson in the semis and the top-rated Cooper in the finals—with a devastating all-court game that reached its peak in his straight-set humiliation of Cooper, who could only shake his head and stare at Anderson in anguished perplexity. His stunning achievement was Anderson's first and last Grand Slam singles win.

The triumph of unseeded

Fred Stolle in 1966 was less startling, primarily because Stolle had already established himself as one of the world's best and was only left out of the seedings because he was suffering through a lackluster year. Stolle's final-round victim was another non-seeded Aussie, the fast-rising John Newcombe. Between them Stolle and Newcombe had disposed of five of the seeding committee's eight favorites before they confronted each other. Stolle, his intimidating serve-and-volley game functioning beautifully, eliminated Dennis Ralston (seeded third), Clark Graebner (seventh) and Roy Emerson (second), without the loss of a set, while Newcombe overcame fifth-seeded Arthur Ashe and No. 1 Manuel Santana. Newcombe, whose apprenticeship was now clearly over, won the tournament the next year as the top seed.

Upsets are the ginger of a great tennis tournament; without them the competition seems to lack the tang of discovery and surprise. If the top eight players all parade unmolested into the quarter-finals the tennis fan feels somehow cheated, deprived of the drama of the unexpected. Some moments in the sun, of course, are more memorable than others, and almost any ardent tennis addict can come up with a list of his own favorite upheavals. Here, then, for



Mel Anderson (above), an Aussie cattle rancher long in the shadow of his fellow countrymen Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad and Ashley Cooper, arrived in '67 by putting away No. 2 Dick Savitt, No. 3 Sven Davidson and finally No. 1 Cooper. Fred Stolle (below), the victim in '62, quietly turned the tables with his steady serve-and-volley road to victory in '66.





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Dick Williams (left) was U.S. champion in 1914 and 1916, and George Lott Jr. (below) was runner-up to Ellsworth Vines in the finals in 1931. But in between, at Forest Hills, Williams and Lott took turns upsetting one another in two memorable matches. The first was played in 1924 when the favored Williams, well-seasoned at 33, but nursing an ankle injury, lost in

the second round to Lott, then a little-known teen-ager from Chicago. Six years later the positions were reversed. Mating again in the same round, Williams, an unranked and unseeded player of 39 and thought to be past his best years, astonished and enthralled the audience by defeating the third-seeded Lott in four sets.



the record and for the fan of it, is one fan's compilation of a few of the most thrilling surprises in the history of the U.S. championships:

Dick Williams vs. George Lott (1924):

Dick Williams—the wealthy, handsome, debonair, and often enough invincible on the court—was the very model of the gentleman tennis player of the early years. Williams' style was to go all out on every point, to gun for the lines and to disdain caution. If he was on his game he was unstoppable—an one famous 1923 match he won the first set from Bill Tilden, then in his prime, with the loss of only three points. But if he was off his game he could make the easy ones look hard. Twice the national

champion and the third-ranking U.S. player as the 1924 nationals began, Williams at 33 was a shade past his best years when he faced Lott, a little-known teen-ager from Chicago, in a second-round match. Williams was also slightly hobbled by an ankle injury.

Lott, hitting the lines relentlessly off both wings, streaked off to a 6-1 first set while Williams struggled vainly to find the range. Unable to run at full speed, Williams quickly yielded the second set by the same score. In the third he roused himself and began to tattoo the lines with his customary elan, running out the set 6-1. In the fourth both men raised their games and traded flaming ground strokes until it was 5-4 Lott. The smiling Williams then saved three match points with daring placements that brushed the lines. But on

the fourth match point Lott held on for the game and the match.

Six years later, when the two men met again in the same round of the same tournament, their positions were exactly reversed. Williams, then 39, was unranked and unseeded and playing on memory; Lott, the third seed and a Davis Cup stalwart, was one of the favorites. And this time it was Williams who pulled off the upset—"the Williams of 1914 and 1916," reported famed tennis writer Allison Danzig in *The New York Times*, with the same "gifted touch that had enthralled the stands at Newport almost a generation ago." Playing hell-bent, Williams dropped the opening set 9-7 and then took charge, winning the next three 7-5, 7-5, 6-4 for one of the most popular victories ever—especially among the over-the-hill gang.



Henri Cochet vs. John Hennessey

(1927): The gifted, enigmatic Cochet, together with his compatriots Rene Lacoste and Jean Borotra, was fresh from the first-ever French victory in the Davis Cup challenge round, a win which Cochet had clinched with a four-set conquest of Bill Johnston in Philadelphia. A surprise quarter-final victor over Tilden in the 1926 nationals and the reigning champion of Wimbledon, Cochet in the summer of 1927 stood beside Tilden and Lacoste on the summit of international tennis. Particularly dangerous in five-set matches, Cochet would be the backbone of the French team which would retain the Davis Cup for the next five years. His third-round opponent at Forest Hills, 27-year-old John Hennessey of Indianapolis, had broken into the U.S. top 10 only once in several seasons of trying. The 5,000 loyalists in the stadium, expecting the worst, looked for Cochet to wear Hennessey down early.

The two battled evenly through the first set until Hennessey, playing with an abandon not previously detected,

broke through to win it 6-4. The second set followed the same pattern—even to 4—all, a Hennessey break, 6-4 Hennessey. The American roared off to a 4-2 lead in the third before he finally sputtered and gave Cochet an opening. The Frenchman calmly reeled off four straight games for the set, then remained on the court while Hennessey took a breather during the intermission. Cochet maintained the pressure while winning the fourth set 6-3, but then lapsed at the start of the fifth, permitting Hennessey to capture four games in a row. This was all Hennessey needed: his confidence soaring, he held serve with two sharp volleys and a passing shot for 5-1 and then blasted a pair of untouchable service returns while winning the final game. A hyperbolic sportswriter described the ensuing ovation as nearly loud enough to be heard in Paris.

Hennessey's brilliant upset seemed to turn his fortunes around. During the next 12 months he scored several more impressive victories and became the second man (behind Tilden) on the American Davis Cup team (though losing to both Cochet and Lacoste in the challenge round). When Tilden passed up the 1928 nationals the top U.S. seed-

ing went to Hennessey. But then, mysteriously, he stumbled: Dr. George King, a player whose obscurity rivaled that of E. W. Filleman, dumped Hennessey in straight sets in the opening round. Ranked fourth in the country in 1928, Hennessey disappeared from the top 10 for good a year later.

Helen Jacobs vs. Margot Lumb

(1938): Helen Jacobs, winner of four consecutive U.S. titles between 1932 and 1935, was the top-seeded American in the 1938 nationals despite the fact that she had lost her No. 1 ranking to Alice Marble. A clever baseline tactician, Jacobs mixed lobs and drop shots with a potent repertoire of flat and topspin ground strokes. Margot Lumb of Britain, her foe in the third round, was a left-handed belter possessed of a ferocious forehand and not much else. A modest assemblage of some 2,000 gathered in the grandstand for what looked like a routine romp for the steady Jacobs.

What they saw instead was a dynamic display of Britannaic lease majesty. The second girl, cracking tubulars to the



John Hennessey (far left) broke into the U.S. top 10 only once—in 1927. After his third-round upset of Henri Cochet (top center), Hennessey, 27, made the Davis Cup team and was No. 1 at the nationals the next year, where Dr. George King (below center) upset him. The easy win forecast in '38 for Helen Jacobs (above) soured when she lost to Britain's Margot Lumb.

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most remote precincts of the Californian's court with remorseless regularity, played shot-for-shot with Jacobs and grabbed a 6-5 lead in the first set. Two diabolical drop shots in the next game gained Lumb the set. Into the second set Lumb stepped up the tempo—Allison Danzig called it a "sustained Wagnerian crescendo of cascading power"—as Jacobs faded. Even the wind seemed to favor the underdog: on two occasions Lumb hit drop shots so artfully designed that Jacobs careened into a net post while pursuing them; another time Lumb's drop shot blew back onto her court after it had traversed the net, leaving Jacobs to wave her racket fruitfully at such sorcery.

When the two women posed for a photographer after Lumb's 7-5, 6-2 victory, Jacobs wore the dazed expression of a victim of some unidentified force. Jacobs persisted in big-time tennis for a few more years, losing twice to Alice Marble in the finals at Forest Hills, before she exited with her trophies and her memories. Margot Lumb, so obviously the better player on that *August 1938 September 1938* calendar, soon afterward for the Isle of Forgotten Heroes.



Yvon Petra vs. Budge Patty (1946):

The sight of the 6' 5" Yvon Petra uncoiling to deliver one of his cannonball serves was one of the most awesome spectacles in tennis, especially for the luckless mortal who stood across the net from him. The best French player since the years of Gallic supremacy spearheaded by Cochet and Lacoste, Petra came into the 1946 nationals as the Wimbledon champion and the top-seeded foreign player. His second-round foe was an unsung 22-year-old American with matinee-idol looks and the insouciant *savoir faire* of a latter-day Dick Williams. Budge Patty, a Californian who would ultimately spend most of his time in Europe, would always retain the manner of a dilettante who played tennis only because he happened to be good at it.

The 7,500 fans in the stadium anticipated a rout when Petra, smiling good-naturedly and gesturing to his friends in the stands, won the first three games. Patty, with nothing to lose, then startled the Frenchman by moving inside the baseline and like his predecessor in the

the rise. Two successive service breaks from 2-4 gave him the first set at 6-4. Patty played him even in the second to 7-all, then crafted another break with a pair of adroit lobs and a vicious backhand return to take the set 9-7. In the third set Patty began serving with a ferocity comparable to Petra's. When the tall Frenchman reached break point against him and Patty held on, the venerable Allison Danzig couldn't resist the beckoning pun: "Patty," he wrote, "refused to budge." Another lob gave him the break he needed for the last set and the match—6-4, 9-7, 6-4.

Patty stayed in character when an admiring reporter remarked afterward that he had a great future in tennis, responding with a slyly amused smile which clearly suggested that there was more to life than tennis. For only one brief summer in his subsequent off-and-on tennis career would the carelessly gifted Patty play up to the potential he showed that day. In those few months, in 1950, he won the French championship over Jaroslav Drobny and the Wimbledon title over Frank Sedgman. With that, at age 26, his glory days were done.



Margot Lumb (top left) reached her peak in 1938, winning the women's national doubles championships with Kay Stammers at Longwood Cricket Club and upsetting a dazed Helen Jacobs at Forest Hills. In 1946 the handsome, debonaire Budge Patty (above) upset Yvon Petra (left)—the best French player since the years of Gallic supremacy

under Cochet and Lacoste—in straight sets. Patty, a carefree sort, decided there were other, more interesting games to play than tennis. For the next four years the gifted Patty merely toyed with a racket, but he did shine—for the last time—when he gathered his talents together and won both the French and Wimbledon championships in 1950.



John Newcombe vs. Jan Kodes (1971):

John Newcombe was the king of the tennis world in 1971. The successor to the line of dominating Aussies which included Sedgman, Hoad, Rosewall, Laver and Emerson, the 27-year-old Newcombe was not only the best in the world but on the swift grass of Forest Hills he was playing on his favorite surface. As a former U.S. champion and the Wimbledon finalist in 1970 and '71 he was clearly deserving of his No. 1 seeding. A case could be made for the slight and speedy Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia, but certainly not on grass. The winner on slow red clay in Paris, Kodes was arguably the world's finest clay-court player prior to the advent of Bjorn Borg, but grass, to Kodes, was something for picnics and golf courses and grazing cattle, not tennis players. He had played on the Forest Hills turf only once before 1971, departing quietly in the first round. This year his first-round opponent was Newcombe.

Newk, racing to the net like an antelope and opening a volley of the lines, stormed to an easy 6-2 win in the first set. In the second set Kodes be-

gan to return more aggressively and got to 6-all, where they played a 9-point tiebreaker. When Newcombe botched a high backhand volley at 1-2 in the tiebreaker, Kodes seized the initiative and won the set. In the third they reached another tiebreaker, but this time Kodes won it with his own skill, stunning Newcombe with a clean backhand winner off a near-perfect Newcombe job. Newcombe, ordinarily invincible in tiebreakers, had now lost two in a row by 5-1. Liberated to gamble on his serve returns, Kodes ran the match out at 6-3 in the fourth. For the first time since 1930, when France's Jean Borotra had been upended on opening day by the American Berkeley Bell, a top-seeded player had fallen in the first round.

Newcombe could take some solace from the fact that Kodes continued to tear up the Forest Hills turf for the ensuing fortnight, failing only against Stan Smith in the finals. When he returned as the eighth seed in 1972, however, Kodes again found the alien terrain disconcerting and lost in the second round to Bradley Mayot. The following year he and Newcombe tangled again at Forest Hills, but this time it was in the finals, and this time Newk won it in five tough sets.

Who will it be this

year? Navratilova? She was the last of the current favorites to suffer a first-round indignity at the Open. Austin? She appears to be assembling the kind of nerveless, upset-proof record that Evert has constructed. Borg? Maybe—his record in New York is certainly less than overwhelming—but don't bet the farm on it! Connors? It would require a total—and uncharacteristic—collapse of intensity. And whose turn will it be to step suddenly into the limelight, rubbing his eyes and accepting unaccustomed homage? Butch Waltz again? Andrea Jaeger? Heinz Gurnhardt? Listen carefully: you may hear a buzz in the stands any minute now.

by Donald Dale Jackson



In 1971 Czech Jan Kodes (left end top), twice French champ, was a great player—on clay. Aussie John Newcombe (above), twice Wimbledon champ, was the best—on grass. Kodes, in a previous appearance, had left after the first round. It was different this time. After defeating Newcombe, Kodes went on to the finals—only to lose to Stan Smith.

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It's business as usual in the visitors' clubhouse at Wrigley Field in Chicago, and with the Pittsburgh Pirates in town, that means anything goes. At the moment Willie Stargell and Bill Madlock are mimicking teammates Omar Moreno and Tim Lincecum, prancing back and forth on the carpeting, breaking with each imaginary pitch and diving back to "first" because Stargell (Foli), shaking and sweating profusely in the "batter's box," is too scared to swing at the ball.

Most of the players are roaring with laughter, but Mike Easler sits quietly in front of his locker pondering which pair of shoes to wear for today's game against the Cubs: the spiffy-looking patent leathers that hurt his feet or an uglier pair that

have the best leftfielder in the league."

Though Easler, who bats left, and Lacy, who bats right, have been platooning in left, their ability to play other positions has been instrumental in keeping the Pirates at or near the top of the NL East. When last year's leftfield tandem, John Milner and Bill Robinson, struggled at the plate early this season, Easler and Lacy filled the breach. When Dave Parker recently hurt his left knee and missed five games, Easler took over in rightfield, which meant that both hot bats were in the lineup.

The two men have a special place in the Pirate fam-a-lee, a reflection of their recent success and of their personalities. Easler, whose batting stroke and .400 av-

erage with men in scoring position have earned him nicknames such as "Hit Man" and "Line Drive," is quiet and introspective and credits religion for helping him grow as a ballplayer and as a man.

Lacy is also quiet, but his silence is more a matter of intensity than introversion. When he speaks, his eyes bore in on the listener. He would do great on the stare-downs that often precede title fights. He probably would pack a pretty good punch, too; his teammates say that on the Pirates only Parker is a better athlete. They also admire Lacy's ability to switch positions; he can play second and third as well as the outfield.

"Lee Lacy is the key to this team," Easler says. "His good year has me having a good one." Lacy is equally generous. "Mike is having a great year. It couldn't happen to a more deserving person."

The plaudits have been a long time coming. Easler spent most of his 11 professional seasons in the minors before sticking with the Pirates in 1979, mainly as a pinch-hitter. He expected *continued*

Hard-hitting Lee Lacy (below left) and Mike Easler constitute a mutual admiration society, which is a good thing because they often share leftfield for Pittsburgh

Happy at going halvesies

is infinitely more comfortable. Two lockers away, Lee Lacy is also sitting quietly, oiling a new glove. Easler thinks the glove is nice and tells Lacy so. Lacy thanks Easler and offers an opinion on the shoes.

The brief interchange is just small talk, but implicit is the respect and appreciation the two men have for each other. Heretofore both had been peripheral players. Now that they are having outstanding seasons of their own, their journeyman past has become a sort of bond.

The 29-year-old Easler started only three games last year, but by week's end he had started 67 in 1980 and led the Pirates with a .358 average and 14 home runs. The 31-year-old Lacy, hobbled by injuries a year ago, had started 47 games and was right behind Easler with a .353 average. Among National League hitters with 200 or more at bats, nobody else was close. Manager Chuck Tanner, never one given to understatement, says, "When they share the position, we



more of the same this season. "If I worked real hard and had a good spring, I hoped Chuck would play me more," Easter says. "My goal for the season was to start 10 games. I thought if I did that I would be ecstatic." In Easter's first start on April 22 against Montreal, he hit two home runs and had four RBIs in a 5-3 Pirate win. He continued to play regularly, and on June 12, in a 10-6 win over Cincinnati, he hit for the cycle and drove in two runs.

Always an outstanding hitter (six .300-plus seasons in the minors, two AAA batting titles), Easter had been hampered by a lack ofadroitness in the field, which, combined with the talent on the teams he was trying to make (e.g., Cesar Cedeño, Lou Brock, Don Baylor, Jim Rice), assured a long wait.

Easter seems out of place at times in the cacophony of the Pittsburgh clubhouse. His favorite singer is Johnny Mathis, and while Easter does a fine impersonation, the sweet strains of Chances Are floating through the air are often drowned out by the heavier disco and salsa beats favored by his teammates.

Chances are Easter doesn't mind. "People see Mike Easter of the Pittsburgh Pirates and think that's just great, but they have no idea of what it took to get here," he says. What today's fans aren't seeing are yesterday's \$500-a-month paychecks, or the jobs Easter took to augment that salary: as a bellboy, an assembly-line worker putting together heating registers, an employment-agency temp. "A man has to take care of his family," he says.

Easter never doubted he would make it in baseball, for, as Stargell says, "His heart was always in the game. He could never leave it until he succeeded."

That drive is apparent at the plate, particularly in the clutch, as was demonstrated on May 21 against San Diego when Easter led off the bottom of the ninth with a pinch-hit home run that tied the game at 3-all and ignited the winning rally. On July 1 against St. Louis, Easter's feet won a game for the Pirates. Pinch-hitting in the bottom of the 10th with men on first and third and one out in a 3-2 game, Easter hit an apparent double-play grounder to shortstop but beat out the relay to first to let the winning run in.

Lacy knows a lot about winning, too, even if he has often viewed it only from the dugout. Last year marked his third consecutive World Series and the fourth

in six years. "The key to this game is being able to rise to the occasion when it's show time," Lacy says. "I've always known that. Put me out there and I'll play for you." Show time arrives for Lacy almost daily now and refutes the knock that he's nothing more than a glorified substitute. "A yew-cil-i-ty player," Lacy says with disdain.

Lacy believes the talk stems from his seven years in L.A., where he was never able to crack the Dodgers' lineup. He also became involved in an "unjust and confusing situation" in 1975, "just when I was coming into my own."

That season, Lacy's first with more than 300 at bats, he had his best year as a hitter—.314. Encouraged by what he says was a verbal commitment from management to give him a starting outfield spot the next season, Lacy went to the Instructional League to master leftfield. But in November he was traded to Atlanta.

The Braves moved Lacy back to the infield for 50 games, then returned him to L.A. Lacy felt he should start every day for the Dodgers and said so. Second Baseman Davey Lopes considered Lacy a threat and maintained that he wasn't good enough to start on the team.

Maybe not, but when Lacy entered the free-agent reentry draft in 1978, he was one of five players selected by the maximum 13 teams. Lacy's self-confidence was demonstrated by the fact that he passed up a chance to join a team for which he would definitely play regularly to become a member of the talent-laden Pirates. Of course, a five-year \$1.5 million contract helped him make up his mind.

"No matter what goes down, if you do your job you're going to get your credit somewhere down the line," Lacy says. "I've always been a winner. They know that here and they appreciate it."

Mike Easter couldn't have said it better himself.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 3-9)
by JIM KAPLAN

NL EAST When Montreal (6-4) beat New York 11-5 for Dick Williams' 1,000th career victory as a manager, he said modestly, "I've either been around a long time or I've had good teams." When left-handed pitcher Bill Lee said he

felt well enough to play despite hip, back and knee miseries and objected to being placed on the disabled list, Williams grumbled, "Everything's wrong with him," he said. "He got hit by a cab jogging last year, fell on an iron railing when he was jogging at 6 a.m. this year and then wrenched his knee when his spikes got caught in his shoelaces. He's just not right." Lee responded that Williams was looking for an excuse to replace him with a righthanded pitcher, Hal Dues. "They better have a lot of bats when I pitch batting practice," said Lee, "because I'm going to break a lot of them." When Umpire Bruce Froemming said the Cubs' Scott Thompson caught a ball that had plainly dropped in, Williams was furious. Understandably so, because the call deprived the Expos of a run that would have beaten Chicago. Instead, the Cubs won 8-4 on Cliff Johnson's 14th-inning grand slam.

For the week, Johnson had four homers and 10 runs batted in, all in home games at Wrigley Field. "I think I could have a serious love affair with this ball park," said Johnson, who was acquired by Chicago from Cleveland on June 23. Steve Carlton won his 17th game for Philadelphia (2-3), beating the Cardinals 3-2 and singling in what turned out to be the winning run. First Baseman Pete Rose made a diving catch of a foul pop, spiked the ball and got a standing ovation. During a delay in a Phillies game against St. Louis that was ultimately rained out, Cardinal pitchers Pete Vuckovich and Bob Sykes began making head-first slides on the field and were joined by several hundred fans.

St. Louis (3-2), Pittsburgh (5-3) and New York (3-5) all had typical weeks. The Cardinals either frayed (14-0 over Philadelphia, 9-6 over New York) or endured furies (3-2 losses to Philadelphia and New York). Only Silvio Martinez' 4-1 complete-game victory over Los Angeles failed to fit the pattern. The Cardinals were especially pleased by Sykes' three-hit shutout of the Phillies, even if they did score too many runs.

The streaky Pirates ended a six-game losing streak and ran off five straight wins, homering in each. Getting two wins and a save from Kent Tekulve and two saves from Enrique Romo, they beat Chicago 9-7, 2-0 and 11-3 and Philadelphia 6-5 and 4-1. Dave Parker had nine hits and Tim Lincecum two three-hit games as the Pirates stayed within a half a game of first-place Montreal.

The Mets' Nell (Hurricane) Allen had two saves and Ray Burris stopped Montreal 7-1 on six hits for his first nine-inning victory since April 12, 1978. In the Expo win, Elliott Maddox broke an 0-for-21 streak by going 3 for 4. Afterward Manager Joe Torre reiterated his favorite Panglossian rallying cry: "We're still in contention."

MON 62-48 PIT 81-48 PHIL 55-50
NY 53-56 ST. L. 48-56 CH 45-63

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NL WEST Tom Lasorda's Happiness Boys have become the Controversy Kids. First Baseman Steve Garvey and his wife Cyndy filed an \$11.2 million civil suit against *Inside Sports*. On the field the Dodgers turned a 4-1 lead over the Braves into a 6-4 defeat. And in the clubhouse Lasorda and Centerfielder Derrel Thomas argued about whether Thomas had been correctly positioned in the outfield. The dispute and the loss so riled Reggie Smith that the rightfielder slammed his wrist against the metal lid of a beverage cooler, opening up a wound that took 60 stitches to close. L.A. bled Dodger blue all week, losing four of seven.

Another brouhaha raged in the San Diego 14-51 locker room. After talking to several players, Coach Bobby Tolan asked Manager Jerry Coleman to attend a postgame meeting. When the meeting finally took place the next afternoon, it turned into a grievance session lasting an hour and 40 minutes. "All 25 players had a chance to get things off their chest," said player representative Randy Jones. "We agreed things had been too negative on this club. Even our kidding is negative. With the trouble we've had scoring runs, when Dave Winfield or somebody comes up with runners on first and third, Rolfe Fingers or someone on the bench would say, 'Here comes a 6-4-3.' We've decided to be more positive the rest of the way." Their play certainly was the Padres beat Houston twice—5-1 behind Bob Shirley's four-hitter and 5-3 on Von Joshua's ninth-inning double. Despite the absence of J.R. Richard (page 12), the Astros continued to hold first place by winning four of seven. Ken Forsch strengthened the rotation by beating the Giants 1-0 for his first victory since June 20.

Cincinnati (5-2) rejoined the race as Dan Driessen batted .421. Tom Seaver came off the disabled list to beat the Padres 7-1. Tom Hume had two wins and a save and Johnny Bench socked his 10th career grand slam to beat the Dodgers 8-5. "I haven't thrown like that all year," said Seaver, who allowed four hits in six innings. "It was more an exercise in self-control and discipline than in facing hitters. I felt a little bit of pain, but I think it's more stretching pain, not impingement pain." Come again? Later in the week the Dodgers rocked Seaver for seven runs in 1½ innings, but Seaver's only problem, according to Catcher Bench, was an anxiety attack. "He was rushing the whole time," Bench said. "He never seemed to get totally relaxed."

Trading 4-1 with two outs in the ninth, the Braves (3-4) rallied to beat Los Angeles 6-4 on an error by Third Baseman Ron Cey, a pinch walk, two pinch singles and Glenn Hubbard's three-run homer. "This game never ceases to amaze me," said Pitcher Phil Niekro. "One little ball goes by someone and five runs score." In a 6-2 loss to the Dod-

gers, Manager Bobby Cox was ejected for throwing his hat and reacting by spitting tobacco juice in the face of Umpire Jerry Dale. "A disgraceful, cowardly act," said Dale. After first denying it, Cox finally admitted he did intentionally spit at Dale, "but not until after he spit in my face first." The Braves wasted 14 hits and stranded 16 runners while losing 5-4 to the bumbling 12-51 Giants.

**HOUS 60-40 LA 60-50 CIN 59-52
SF 53-57 ATL 49-60 SD 49-62**

AL EAST Suddenly there was a race. The Orioles (6-0) had taken four straight, the Yankees (2-6) had split four and New York's lead had dwindled to 3½ games, its narrowest margin since July 1. When Baltimore and New York squared off on Friday for the first of eight games in 11 days, the largest Yankee Stadium crowd of the season—34,130—was on hand.

As expected, the fans saw an excellent pitching duel between New York's Ron Guidry and Baltimore's Jim Palmer, but the 5-2 Oriole win hinged on mistakes, not good play. Centerfielder Ruppert Jones allowed one Oriole run to score when he misjudged Benny Ayala's ground-rule double, and Leftfielder Bobby Murcer set up Baltimore's game-winning hit with another miscue. With the score tied 2-2, a runner on first and two outs in the eighth, Murcer misjudged Doug DeCinces' fly, trapped the ball, the ump ruled, and threw late to the infield, allowing the runners to advance to second and third. Pinch hitter John Lowenstein scored both of them with a single. Owner George Steinbrenner and General Manager Gene Michael issued statements bitterly protesting the trap call on DeCinces' hit to left.

"It's a shame that in a crucial and emotional game in a pennant race ... the outcome might be decided by a questionable call," said Steinbrenner, who listened to the game on the radio. "Baseball men who saw the play tell me the ball was cleanly caught. I just hate to think that the outcome of a pennant race might be decided by a questionable call." Michael released a detailed statement arguing that "You can't trap a ball when you come up with it on the end of the glove." Both statements ignored the fact that the ball should have been caught.

The next night, Yankee starter Tom Underwood threw two pitches on the outside of the plate, where Ken Singleton likes them, and Singleton doubled and tripled in a 4-2 Oriole win. It was the second victory of the week for Steve Stone, whose 18-4 record leads the majors, and the Orioles were only three games behind New York in the lost column.

The Oriole surge played tricks on the mind of Milwaukee (4-3) Manager George Bamberger. Early in the week, with the fourth-

place Brewers 11 games out and their own fans posting CHOK! CITY signs in the County Stadium bleachers, Bamberger hinted he would retire at the end of the season. "I'd like to see the club finish second, five games out," he said wistfully. But as the Orioles kept winning, he decided the Brewers were already accomplishing that. "The way I look at it, we're only five games out now because that's all we're behind the Orioles and they're going to catch the Yankees," Bamberger said. Two complete-game victories by Moose Haas, who beat New York 2-0 and Cleveland 4-2, had Bambr's sprain scoring. Alas, Pitcher Reggie Cleveland brought them down to earth. "Neither Boston nor Milwaukee is going anywhere," he said. "We're just going through the motions."

In Boston (5-2), Manager Don Zimmer reached into his bag of tricks. He had Jim Rice sacrifice and used relievers Skip Lockwood, Bill Campbell and Bob Stanley for three innings apiece in place of a starter. Rice's sacrifice (which followed a surprise bunt single by Carl Yastrzemski) contributed to a 7-3 defeat of the Brewers, and the bullpen trio bested Chicago 4-1.

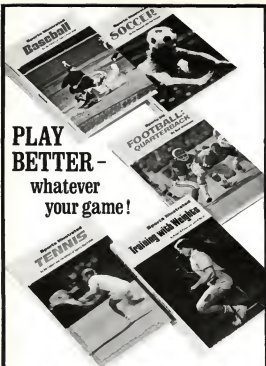
In another pitching novelty, Shortstop Bob Bailor threw 2½ innings of runless relief against Cleveland and Kansas City, allowing two hits and walking none for Toronto (2-6). The Indians (5-3) averaged seven runs and 10 hits while taking five straight against Oakland and Toronto, but lost twice to Milwaukee when production dropped to two runs and six hits a game. Detroit lost four of six as Pitcher Dan Schatzeder twice squandered leads. He was ahead of Kansas City 5-4 in the seventh but surrendered runs in the eighth and ninth to lose 6-5, and combined with Reliever Aurelio Lopez to blow a 3-0 ninth-inning lead over Texas. Lopez eventually lost the game 4-3 in the 10th.

**NY 67-41 BAL 63-44 DET 57-48 MIL 50-51
BOS 56-52 CLEV 54-51 TOR 46-62**

AL WEST George Brett was playing the price for success. His .386 average and club-record 22-game hitting streak got him unwanted attention both from opposing pitchers and the press. In his first time at bat after hitting a three-run homer, Brett was decked twice by Detroit's Milt Wilcox. After flying out, Brett charged the mound, igniting a bench-clearing fight. "The scary thing about George going to the mound," said Catcher Darrell Porter, "was that on the line were a batting title and our chances of going to the World Series." Said Brett, "I used to come to the park early and fool around, maybe play a few games of hearts. But recently, when I've been getting there at three o'clock, there have been so many people waiting to interview me that I haven't had time to fool around. So now I'm

continued

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BASEBALL continued

not showing up until five." He continued: "I'm so hot now that going 2 for 5 seems like an off day. If I can throw in a few 3 for 5s or 4 for 5s, I'll be able to hit .400. I think I can do that."

Brett was by no means a one-man team. Kansas City (5-2) has the best record in either league, and the biggest lead—12½ games—thanks to, among others, Willie Mays Aikens, who hit .481 for the week, Dan Quisenberry, who had a win and two saves, Willie Wilson, who made a game-saving circus catch, and Rich Gale, who shut out Toronto 9-0 for his eighth straight victory. Gale lost

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RON LEFLORE. While batting .364, the Expo leftfielder stole four bases in one game—eight for the week—and scored nine runs, three of them game-winners. He led the National League with 72 steals and 80 runs scored.

six of his first seven decisions and suffers from tendinitis and bursitis, but hasn't been beaten since June 11. "When I pitched in Chicago last Saturday I felt like an arthritic old man," he said after defeating Toronto. "But after one or two innings tonight, I felt so good it was ridiculous."

Other teams were as bad as the Royals were good. Minnesota (0-7) averaged two runs and three pitchers a game. "We're hitting too many line drives to infielders with men on base," said Manager Gene Muech. "The other teams have been blooming us to death." Seattle (1-5) couldn't earn a single win for new Manager Maury Wills; the Mariners were given one by A's Pitcher Matt Keough, who walked Bill Stein with the bases loaded in the 10th inning. "The frustration builds and builds," said Pitcher Steve Trout of Chicago (2-4). Trout lost 2-1 to Baltimore in part because he failed to cover first. Frustration mounted for Texas (2-4), too, particularly when the Tigers stole six bases off pitchers Ed Furgerson and Dave Rajsich, both of whom have vigorous motions, in an 8-0 defeat. "We can't run that much," said Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson, "but I'll run on anybody this will let me."

The A's Rick Langford beat Minnesota 3-2 for his seventh straight win and 15th consecutive complete game. Oakland (5-2) has already passed its 54-win total of 1979. The Angels took six of seven to escape the cellar, where they had been since June 7. Don Ford came off the disabled list and got a homer, two singles and three RBIs in his first start, and Toronto castoff Dave Lemanczyk, who had a 5.47 ERA, threw 4½ strong innings to pick up a win.

KC 69-41 OAK 57-54 TEX 52-56 CH1 47-61
MIN 47-63 CAL 44-64 SEA 40-60

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In the dream scenario, U.S. athletes in red, white and blue jerseys would have zoomed down the track like so many greyhounds after the mechanical rabbit. Forced by politicians to sit out the Olympics while the Soviets and their cousins from East Germany and Poland made mincemeat of the Moscow Games by winning 28 of 38 track and field gold medals, the American team would smash world records all over the place, once a series of European meets began in August. At the very least it would better the marks that won gold in Moscow, while beating up on the Commies. Jimmy Carter would love it.

And for a while, when the first post-Olympic meet got under way in Rome last Tuesday night, it seemed that the dream would come true, especially when a field of 100-meter sprinters that included five Americans went off in the first heat of the first championship running event. Mel Lattany broke the tape in 10.23. With that he had "won" the Olympic gold medal from Allan Wells of Great Britain, who had run 10.25 in Moscow. And with seven Americans—Lattany, Steve Williams, Harvey Gance, James Sanford, Carl Lewis, Willie Gault and Stanley Floyd—lined up for the eight-man final along with Guyana's James Gilkes, could there ever be a better moment for Jim Hines' 12-year-old record of 9.95 to come tumbling down?

But when Floyd beat his teammates in 10.20, a time surpassed by plenty of sprinters this year, including Wells, who ran 10.11 in a heat at the Olympics, the dream was exposed for what it was, a jingoistic fantasy. Not an athlete among the 90 or so Americans on the European tour was naive enough to believe that any track meet could stand in the place of an Olympics or that comparing Olympic and post-Olympic performances had any merit. And, with the spirit of international sport still infected with East vs. West politics, few American athletes really gave a damn. Thus, anyone expecting Olympian performances from our troops in 1980 was, for the most part, apt to be sorely disappointed.

For one thing, the Rome meet was the

A tour that ain't so grand

The U.S. was supposed to meet the gold medalists and wipe them out. No way

only one of the three the American team participated in last week that the Russians also entered. And only four of the Soviet Union's 12 individual gold medalists showed up there, including Yuri Sedukh and Vera Komisova in the hammer throw and women's 100-meter hurdles, respectively, events in which the Americans don't approach world-class standards. In West Berlin on Friday and Cologne on Sunday, not only the Soviets but also all other Communist-bloc countries stayed away. The East Germans, winners of 11 gold medals, skipped all three meets. Thus, for instance, Mac Wilkins was unable to compete against East Germany's Wolfgang Schmidt or the U.S.S.R.'s Viktor Rashchupkin in the discus, although Wilkins bettered Rashchupkin's gold-medal-winning throw of 218' 8" with a 219' 2" in Berlin.

The tour was becoming a nightmare for Jimmy Carnes, the U.S. Olympic team coach. "I don't know who's going to be here from where," he said while scanning a hotel lobby the night before Friday's meet in Berlin. "I don't know if Russians or Poles are coming. I don't even know who's going to be here for us. That's why I'm in the lobby. If I see somebody, I know they're here. There's a meet in London tomorrow. Some of our people got a better deal there. We have Cologne Sunday, but some are skipping that for Budapest on Monday."

The Byzantine schedule of meets had

everyone confused. Don Paige, America's best 800-meter man, came to Europe looking for Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett. He found neither last week and finished third in Rome and second in Berlin. "These guys make me mad," said Paige. "How can you get ready to run against them if they are picking and choosing? The meet promoter in Budapest told me Ovett is going to run the 1,500 there for a world record. Now he tells me Ovett is going to run the 5,000. Now I'm not going. And now I start getting beat."

When Carnes wasn't scouring lobbies for athletes, he was apologizing for the Americans' lackluster performances. "It wouldn't have mattered whether the Russians and East Germany came or not," he said. "We aren't in any shape to compete against them anyway." So instead of a chance for Americans to wreak vengeance on the politicians who kept them out of the Olympics as well as the athletes who won the medals there, last week, at least, turned out to be just another if-this-is-Sunday-it-must-be-Cologne tour, complete with lost luggage, tired feet and diarrhea, in the midst of a track season that for most of the athletes never really existed at all.

The Rome meet was particularly miserable for the Americans. In a 400-meter race that included Soviet gold medalist Viktor Markin, Billy Mullins and Willie Smith of the U.S. finished a dismal fourth and fifth. Markin was beaten by West Germany's Harald Schmid (45.17) and Kenya's Billy Konchellah. On the occasion of her first meeting with the Soviet 1,500-meter women's world-record holder (3:55.0) and Olympic gold medalist, Tatyana Kazankina, Mary Decker, who had set the American record of 4:00.87 in July, finished third in 4:03.15. Renaldo Nehemiah, the world's greatest 110-meter hurdler, didn't run in either Rome or Berlin. In his absence Greg Foster won Rome in a crawling 13.51, then skipped Berlin.

Friday's meet in Berlin was hosted by the West Germans, adherents of the Olympic boycott, and began with this public-address announcement: "The

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Led by Stanley Floyd (left), the U.S.A. went one-two-three in the 100-meter dash in both Berlin and Rome, but the tour as a whole was dashed three strokes

boycott by the Eastern European countries will not hinder us from putting on this usual world-class meet for 250 finely prepared athletes....³⁶ In fact, the West Germans performed well, as they had in Rome, most notably a 70' 7" shot-put by Ralf Reschenbach, which beat Vladimir Kiselyev's 70' 1/2" winning distance in Moscow. But with a few exceptions, there wasn't much more satisfaction for the uninspired Americans than there had been in Rome.

The American athletes could take a lesson from Edwan Moses, who is as dominant in his event, the 400-meter hurdles, as any athlete in the world. After winning his 45th consecutive final in Rome, in a slowish 48.51—which still would have won an Olympic gold medal—Moses geared up for his meeting in Berlin with Schmid, the second-ranked 400-meter hurdler in the world last year. By the second hurdle Moses began pulling away from Schmid, and by the time they turned for home he led by 15 meters. After the final hurdle Moses slowed down visibly. His time was 47.17, just .04 off his own world record, the second-best time ever for the event. Moses has now run the eight best 400-meter-hurdles times in history.

"My professional instinct for the sport causes me to be totally involved in it," he says. "This is the No. 1 interest in my life right now. I gave up a job as an engineer. I gave up the possibility of going to medical school. It is terribly unfor-



Paige, here beaten by Willie Williams, looked for Coe and Ovett but couldn't even find a tape to break

tunate that there were no Olympics, especially for somebody like me. I lost all kinds of opportunities by not winning another gold medal and getting something out of it. But any time I run I want to do the best I can. I think Bjorn Borg and I are the two top athletes in the world, because nobody can beat us. Another world record? I could have done it today, but I slowed up 15 feet before the tape."

With several more meets to run before this calamitous track season ends, there is reason to believe that Moses will have his new world record—and that he will break 47 seconds, a prodigious feat indeed. And even if the rest of the Americans are unable to repair the damage of a wasted year, there is always 1981 and, one certainly hopes, a truly international 1984 Olympics to look forward to. **END**

Money isn't everything—or is it?

Harness horsemen wonder whether the biggest purse ever, \$2 million, is the route to riches or road to ridicule.

Harness racing saw its own shadow one night last week at New Jersey's Meadowlands Race Track and, predictably, it was scared to death. The sport has always been scared—that city folks wouldn't like it, that dogs and jai alai would overtake it, that real or imagined scandal would ruin it. And, most of all, scared that it might do something foolish—or something perceived as such—which would give those supercilious

thoroughbred types even more reason to look down their noses at the trotters and pacers. Indeed, with the exception of Canada, no person, place or thing has grown up with a bigger inferiority complex than harness racing.

So it seemed perfectly in character last Wednesday that when the bold and brassy Meadowlands offered the standardbreds in the Woodrow Wilson Pace for 2-year-olds far and away the biggest purse ever for any breed of horse—\$2,011,000—some in the sport saw the huge shadow cast by that pile of money and were frightened. After all, the record thoroughbred purse, awarded last year for Hollywood Park's Gold Cup, was a mere \$500,000. (The biggest purse in all racing had been the \$1,280,000 of the 1979 All-American Futurity for quarterhorses at Ruidoso Downs, N.M.) Gosh, they asked, is \$2 million too much? Is it in poor taste? Are we doing the right thing? What will people think? Does it make all our other races insignificant? "Don't you think," said one horseman, "that it's a little bit gross?"

It was only 17 months ago that Bob Quigley, the Meadowlands' general manager, was sitting in his office considering

whether a \$1 million race was possible. "It sounds like an awful lot for a horse race, doesn't it? But on the other hand, why not?" When asked after last week's Woodrow Wilson Pace how big the purse might be next year, Quigley said, "It does seem to me that \$2 million is more than sufficient."



Meadowlands executives Bob Quigley (left) and



Land Grant (No. 9) was a long shot who made the bettors come back and won his owners a million

Indubitably. New York Times columnist Red Smith grouched that this kind of loot "is a downright insult to money." Said one driver, "You can't put it in perspective, because we have lost all perspective." Just consider that a \$200,000 race is still thought to be very big, for thoroughbreds or standardbreds. The purse for this year's Kentucky Derby was \$346,800. Harness racing's showiest event, the Hambletonian, paid \$300,000 in 1979.

All the emphasis on money and on the standardbred vs. the thoroughbred almost obliterated what little public interest there was in the horses in the Woodrow Wilson. It didn't help that perhaps the best 2-year-old, the Stanley Dancer-trained French Chef, failed to qualify.

The winner was Land Grant, 15 to 1 in the morning line, whom the crowd of 27,441 scrutinized and sent off at 69 to 1. He was the victim of racing confusion at the first turn and had poor position all the way to the turn for home, where he was seventh in a field of 12. But while the others tired and got in each other's way, he came home in a ho-hum 1:56½ to get the winner's haul of \$1,005,500. Second was Armbro Wolf, who got \$502,750. Nero's BB was third, the filly Areba Areba fourth and the 4-to-5 favorite, Slapstick, who had suffered horrendous traffic problems, fifth. Of Land Grant, who was purchased at Harrisburg

would have been a huge deal." Still, it is primarily because of the aggressiveness shown by the Meadowlands since it opened in 1976 that harness racing can hold its head up at a thoroughbred cocktail party. The proof is in the numbers.

Of the top 15 money-winning horses last year, eight were thoroughbreds and seven were standardbreds. Standardbreds are a better business deal. At the Tattersalls sale in Lexington last year, the average harness-horse price was \$33,505, while at Keeneland in the same town, the average price for a thoroughbred was \$200,425. The most ever paid for a standardbred yearling was \$385,000, for Cobra Almahurst in 1978, and only three harness horses in history have brought \$300,000 or more at auction. The other two are Cool Wind and Delmonica Hanover. On the other hand, in 1979 alone, 64 yearling thoroughbreds were purchased for \$300,000 and up.

While thoroughbred attendance was off 2% in 1979, standardbreds were down 1.3%, a tiny difference but potentially a meaningful trend. When Niatross raced at the Meadowlands a fortnight ago for what was then the biggest harness racing purse, \$1,011,000, the crowd was 42,616; when Spectacular Bid raced at Chicago's Arlington Park a day later, the gate was 29,611.

Nevertheless, there remains something more than vaguely unsettling about a \$2 million purse, particularly for two-year-olds. It brings to mind what Texas oilman Clint Murchison Sr. once said, that money, like manure, does a lot of good when spread around, "but if you pile it up in one place, it stinks like hell."

In fact, the big race did get a little out of hand financially. When Racing Secretary Joe De Frank first set forth the conditions in 1977, he hoped that maybe, just maybe, it could become a \$1 million race. This appeared to be a reasonable prospect when last year's purse reached \$862,750. He figured that this time owners of 185 horses would pay the \$1,000 nominating fee; 263 did. Then, when the \$3,000 May sustaining payment was due, he figured perhaps 90 horses would still be in; 154 were.

Nobody, says De Frank, was twisting any arms, and the truth is, owners who had bought nice yearlings were simply motivated by greed. Like they say, money isn't everything, sometimes it's not even 99%. "I think the guys who are griping are the guys who were eliminated,"

said De Frank. "I wish the race had been for \$3 million."

One of the grippers is also one of the sport's wealthiest owners, Norman Woolworth. He complained that the various payments to keep a horse eligible—a total of \$14,500 for each pacer that made the starting field—meant there were "an awful lot of good owners with potentially good horses who just couldn't take that financial risk." Woolworth is co-owner of Stoner Creek Stud in Paris, Ky., where the outstanding Meadow Skipper stands. Skipper's stud fee in 1978 was \$20,000; this year it has jumped to \$40,000. For that reason Woolworth's theory just doesn't wash, because a man who pays big bucks for a yearling can hardly be expected to flinch at what amounts to pocket change. Lou Guida, syndicate manager of Niatross, spent \$76,000 to keep his 2-year-olds eligible for the Woodrow Wilson and not one made it. "I'm not unhappy," he says. "I had a shot at a \$2 million purse. That's fair."

Surprisingly, it was some of the winners who felt the queasiest about all the money. Bob Lipman, owner of Slapstick, said, "Of course \$2 million is too much money. I earned \$100,000 for being fifth. That's crazy." Stephen Lang, a New York lawyer and half owner of the winner, said at a post-race victory party, "It's ridiculous. A race like this destroys the other races. And it takes so much away from the country tradition." Lang recalled that when the Woodrow Wilson was in the offing, the late Peter Haughton—the sport's most promising young driver before he was killed in an auto accident near the Meadowlands last winter—had said, "It's obscene to offer that much money. I sure hope I get the rail." But Lee Broglio, Slapstick's trainer, agitated at the suggestion that the purse was too big, expressed no such ambivalence: "Too much? You're kidding. There's never too much."

The sport is to be lauded for trying to show that it is big league and thus worthy of attracting money from new investors. But are there too many rings on one hand? "It doesn't embarrass me," De Frank says. "The more the merrier." Let Tony Abbatiello, president of the New Jersey Standardbred Owners and Breeders Association have the last lip-smacking word: "The name of the game is that pot of gold. The human being, by nature, is a dreamer and a gambler." **END**



Joe De Frank were apologetic about all that dough.

for a modest \$40,000, winning trainer-driver Del Isko said, "This was his future." Very likely so, and if Land Grant ever does anything noteworthy again, it will be to the utter amazement of industry insiders.

The big question, of course, was why put up \$2 million for a bunch of lightly raced 2-year-olds that hardly anybody had heard of. The answer, basically, was to try to buy the hearts and minds of the American sports fan on the 179th and final night of this year's harness racing season at the Meadowlands.

According to Thurman Downing, owner of Nero's BB, whose third-place finish was worth \$241,320, this effort was only a qualified success. "If this had been a thoroughbred race," he grumbled, "it

Now wait just a minute, kid

Andrea Jaeger, only 15, cut a wide swath through the field at the U.S. Clay Court Championships, until Chris Evert Lloyd taught her some respect for her aunts

Last week at the U.S. Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis, Andrea Jaeger, the latest pixie to sprinkle magic dust over the world of women's tennis, drew together her entire 100 pounds and once again sent the grandes dames running for cover. The brash gum-chomping, racquet-twirling high school sophomore raced impudently through the early rounds, upset Wimbledon champion Evonne Goolagong in the semis and then in the final on Saturday had Chris Evert Lloyd on the ropes before Chrissie composed herself, began hitting the lines and salvaged some dignity for the grown-ups with a 6-4, 6-3 victory.

All told, it was a week to remember in a year that belongs in a scrapbook for the precocious youngster who lives in the Chicago suburb of Lincolnshire with her parents and 18-year-old sister Susy. Just 15 this June, Andrea turned pro in January, the youngest player ever to do so. Since then she has left a trail of press clippings and humiliated opponents, including Rosie Casals, Sue Barker, Wendy Turnbull and Virginia Wade, whom Andrea knocked off en route to the quarterfinals at Wimbledon. There she was seeded 14th, the youngest seed in the history of the tournament.

She was seeded fourth at Indianapolis, and is ranked 13th in the world. Her performance last week undoubtedly will move her higher. The \$15,000 she won, plus the \$1,225 she received for reaching the doubles semifinals with Regina Marsikova, boosted her earnings for the season to \$72,000. Counting endorsements, Jaeger may well reap more than \$200,000 this year, but because the mom-

ey goes into a trust fund, day to day she's as broke as any other teen-ager. "If I'm going to the movies, I have to ask my dad for some money," she says. "It's not like he's going to give me \$1,000 or something to go shopping."

Roland Jaeger is not only Andrea's father but also her coach and inspiration, companion and confidant. It has been seven years since he sent her out to the garage during the winter to hit practice shots against the wall while bundled up in a coat and mittens. Now during matches he twitches perceptibly if one of her strokes lands close to the sideline. After Andrea has made a great shot, she turns her eyes to him in the stands, and he responds by raising his fists in salute. But he's demanding. On Saturday as she walked wearily from the courts at seven p.m., having finished a doubles match that followed her two-hour battle with Evert Lloyd, father and daughter argued mildly about some minor point of strategy. One of Roland's more frequent statements to those predicting stardom for Andrea used to be, "She has to prove it to me."

Her 6-4, 6-2 victory over Goolagong should have been proof enough. Although she's as securely glued to the baseline as either Evert Lloyd or Tracy Austin, and like them, hits with two hands off the backhand wing, Jaeger is a ground-stroker from a different mold. Whereas Evert Lloyd and Austin are forever pounding the ball from

corner to corner, Andrea is primarily a junkballer who throws an array of spins, parabolas and an occasional drive at her opponents. It's an effective but dangerous style of play requiring patience, endurance and, most of all, speed, which is probably her greatest strength. Jaeger is a terrific scrambler, and the hotter the weather gets the more bulls she seems to chase down. As Goolagong discovered, that can be very frustrating.

"I tried everything," Evonne said after their two-hour struggle in 90° heat. "But she's so fast; it's difficult to play someone who gets the ball back so fast. She played very consistently. Even when I thought I was playing well, I still couldn't get the points."

Evert Lloyd, however, is another story—for the time being, anyway. Experience is the final ingredient for a champion, and right now Jaeger is just starting to collect it. Evert Lloyd, of course, is the matriarch of clay. In 164 matches on that surface, she has lost only once.



Andrea had a golden opportunity, but Chris got the silver

The Evert Lloyd-Jaeger score at Indianapolis didn't reflect how hard Chrissie had to struggle to win. That in itself was progress for Jaeger, who got walloped by Evert Lloyd at Wimbledon, 6-1, 6-1. After an hour of puffy and thrust in sultry Indy weather, the final was dead even, 4-4, 30-all. Evert Lloyd serving, Jaeger returned a ball that Evert Lloyd didn't even try for, because she was standing with pursed lips on the baseline, gesturing toward a mark that indicated Jaeger's previous shot had landed out. The umpire agreed, and that vital point went to Evert Lloyd. A couple of points later so did the game when an unsettled Jaeger lobbed long. Evert Lloyd broke Jaeger's serve in the next game to close out the set. "It seemed that whenever she questioned a call she got the point," said Andrea. "When it happened to me we played the point over. I got the raw deal."

The second set was all Chrissie after the first couple of games. She held serve easily, mixed up her drives with occasional drop shots that had Andrea all askew, broke her young rival in the fourth game and played out the set with a mixture of caution and abandon to win her sixth U.S. Clay Court title.

But while beating Goolagong and trading stroke for stroke with Evert Lloyd for a time were exemplary performances, Jaeger may have played her best tennis early in the week. In her first three matches she lost only five games, taking just 38 minutes to rout her first-round opponent, Ann Henricksson. After a 6-1, 6-1 quarterfinal win over Mary Lou Piatek, it was pointed out to Jaeger that her next opponent would be Goolagong.

"I don't want to insult her, but I was 13 when I first read her name," Jaeger replied blithely. "Just because she won Wimbledon won't make me play any different."

No one will ever accuse Andrea of excessive reverence for her elders, which is both refreshing and part of the reason why she performs so well against them. Unlike most tennis prodigies, she can utter a complete sentence at a press conference—and sometimes even two or three at a time—without having to look to a coach or agent for clearance. "She's good stuff," says Wade. "Spunky, good personality and confident without being cocky."

Andrea will also never be accused of

putting in too many hours on the practice court. The day of her match with Evert Lloyd, she spent the morning watching cartoons on television. Earlier in the week, an hour and a half before a match, she was riding her minibike, a collapsible contraption that doesn't have nearly the power of the motorcycle she really wants, when a dog darted in front of her. Jaeger crashed, skinned her knees and hip and banged up her left shoulder. Prudently, she didn't mention the mishap to her father until after she had destroyed her second-round opponent, Anne Smith, 6-1, 6-1. With Kathy Jordan, Smith had won Wimbledon doubles. "It was the best I ever had seen Andrea play," said Roland, who beamed even more when his daughter told him she ached all over. "I was so thrilled and so happy because that just proves she's tough all the way around, not just on the court."

When Andrea isn't avoiding poaches on her minibike, she is playing baseball or kicking a soccer ball. Duke Uihlein, a 13-year-old friend from home, ruefully admits she can bounce a soccer ball off her knee longer than he can, although he explains her dominance thusly: "She practices. I don't. Besides, she has so much energy it's hard to keep up with her." Jaeger is also doing a pretty good job of combining high school with a pro tennis career that has become so involved she now has a Mark McCormack accountant/business manager to handle exhibitions and endorsements. She missed 60 days of school last year, and although she no longer makes straight A's, her average hasn't fallen below B.

Naturally, the player with whom Jaeger is most often compared is Austin. So far in her brief career Andrea is winless in three attempts against Tracy and she has never played Martina Navratilova, the top two in the world. Neither played at Indianapolis. Right now Jaeger is at least even with, or perhaps a step or two ahead of, Austin at a comparable age, but it should be pointed out that Tracy, who is now 17, had quite a 16th year, winning the U.S. Open, seven tour events and almost \$500,000.

Says Evert Lloyd, who won her first pro tournament at 16, "Andrea is a better player at 15 than I was. She's going to grow . . . Heck, she doesn't even have a figure yet."

Perhaps, but what a set of wheels. **END**



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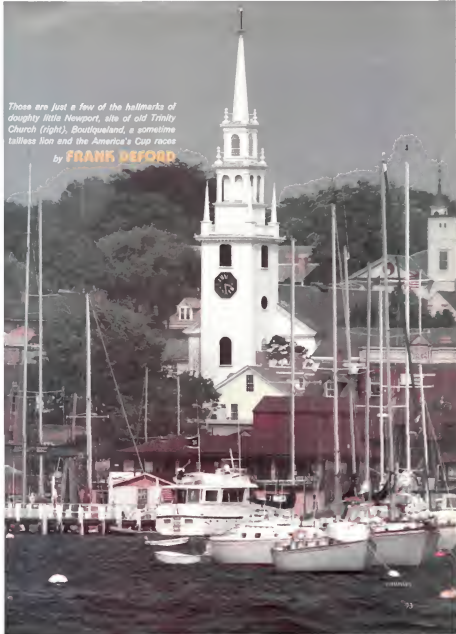
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Those are just a few of the hallmarks of
doughty little Newport, site of old Trinity
Church (right), Boutiqueland, a sometime
tailless lion and the America's Cup races

by **FRANK DEFORD**



NEWPORT

continued



The peculiar thing about Newport and its present success is that it is essentially an anti-American theme park, featuring, as it does, the idolatry of mansions and yachts. Despite our simple classless hearts, this gorgeous little Rhode Island seaport, so rich in natural beauty and American history, calls up an abiding affection for Midwives and monarchs. Appropriately, our almost-king, John Kennedy, married his Guinevere in Newport, and at his death he was seeking to buy an estate there. That property is a scenic inn now, and nearby, for only a couple of bucks, goggle-eyed visitors can also inspect Jackie's childhood residence, Hammersmith Farm, just as if it were Opryland, Cypress Gardens or Al Capone's limousine.

As many as a million of our republic's middle-class subjects will pay to inspect Newport's mansions this year, to swoon over how the nabobery lived before the advent of the graduated income tax, and although much of the rest of vacation America is struggling with recession, Newport has never been busier. The sorting out of boats for the America's Cup, a triennial divertissement of the rich, is taking place this summer, and it is estimated this will boost busi-

A pair of joggers pass the imposing gates of one of the many "cottages" along Bellevue Avenue



After the Newport Bridge was opened in 1969, visitors from New York could drive right into town

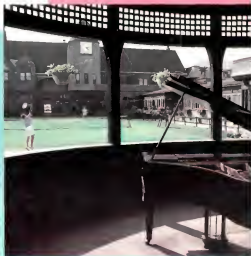


ness in town by 20%. This is one of the most fascinating commercial figures extant, because as a genuine spectator event, America's Cup racing is nil. It is contested way out on the ocean where few can see it, fog or no fog, and even for the folks who can, the competition is the most boring and lopsided in all of sport. In Newport's harbor, where the lovely 12-meter boats are docked, conscious effort is made to keep the hot polloi from seeing these magnificent creatures of man. Still, the closet snobs keep coming to "see" an America's Cup match, even though they won't. O.K., we'll have another drink instead, and buy an Instant Cup Challenge Lottery Ticket and a commemorative T shirt.

But then, Newport has always been a curious place, often a victim of its own charms. It is a town of great antiquity, founded on Aquidneck Island in 1639, but only in its early years was Newport a robust and mature city, one of the most prominent in the colonies. No town paid so dearly for the Revolution. Newport was occupied—manhandled, in fact—by the British for more than three years. The power in Rhode Island moved north to Providence, and ever after Newport has been like a beautiful but frail little girl, a help-



Bourgeoisland at high tide: The tourists Road Benister's Wharf. Is this a sale boat (top right)?



Almost 100 years ago, the first U.S. championships took place on the Casino's center court

less ward, always dependent on some interloper more wise and powerful to decide what's best for her. Among municipalities, Newport is Little Orphan Annie.

At one time the city was a plaything of Dixie; wealthy Southerners, following the prevailing southwest winds, would voyage up in their packets every summer to escape the feverish Tidewater vapors. Then, in its most famous era, Newport became a gilded outpost for the rich of the new industrial America. When that era began to fade, Newport sold its soul to the U.S. Navy. Now the town wears a brighter smock, though it remains still the obedient little girl, currying before a new foster parent, Trendy Tourism. Moreover, lurking about the town these summer days are some lean and hungry outsiders who believe that Newport's extensive history of subjugation makes her an ideal prospect for the role of fallen woman: they would love to sell her into the House of Gambling.

Summer 1980, and the narrow streets are jammed, as are the surrounding waters, where the fishing boats and pleasure craft fight for what little space is left like so many ranchers and sheepmen battling on the old prairie. The institution of the 200-mile fishing limit for foreigners and Newport's commercial rebirth have revived the island's maritime industry—it has become the largest lobster port in America—but the private leisure fleet rules the harbor.

"The red-pants crowd" is how working-class islanders sneeringly characterize the yachting set, though many visiting little skippers fight to be embraced by that slur. The red pants can easily be obtained in the shops downtown. They are of a special rich color—"Breton red," wearers call it—and are further distinguished by a constitutional inability to take a crease. The rest of a yachting man's costume includes blue blazer for dress-up, a tennis-type shirt, no socks, and Topsiders, those purposely unstylish dirt-brown loafers, which appear to have been fashioned by the inmates of some backwoods remedial institution.

"Hi! I just got off my boat!" says Skippy Topsider III. "Buy you a drink?"

Gail W. shakes her head. She is a pretty divorcee from across the bay, what is known in Rhode Island as "South County," even though no county has such a name. Gail is sitting at the bar in The Candy Store, the most crowded hangout on Bannister's Wharf, the heart of tourist Newport and where the 12-meters *Courageous* and *Clipper* are berthed

beyond a forbidding porcupine, out of sight and mind. "Everybody who talks to me says they just got off their boat," Gail says. "If a guy ever said to me, 'Hey, I just drove here in my Toyota,' I'd be so impressed, I'd buy him a drink."

Barclay Warburton, the stepnephew of Harold S. Vanderbilt, the only man ever to defend the Cup three times, returned to Bannister's Wharf in 1967, back when Newport was a grubby Navy town, when almost all the boats in the bay were gray and armed. Warburton had a 72-foot brigantine, *The Black Pearl*, which he lives on now. He

has always been about the water; it was largely through Warburton's efforts that the Tall Ships were brought to the U.S. (including Newport) for the Bicentennial. At Fort Adams, the 18th century fortification that guards the harbor, Warburton founded and runs the Sail Training Association, which teaches young people to sail.

He has witnessed Newport's revival. The main



As befits a Navy town, Newport has a tattoo parlor, though customers aren't always old salts

downtown drag, Thames Street (pronounced un-London-like, as it reads, to rhyme with "names"), was once known as Blood Alley for what the drunken sailors left of one another on the street—local color. Back then the wharves were filthy, filled with dives, warehouses, sheds. There was even an ancient blacksmith shop. But Warburton took over one joint and renamed it after his boat. "It was just a saloon then," he says. "Besides the booze, just chowder and sandwiches. And we added a parrot for character."

But *The Black Pearl* restaurant was the harbinger of revival even before most of Newport understood it needed reviving. That knowledge came to the town when, just like that, the Navy pulled the fleet out in '73, the whole fleet... gone. How could the town survive without the federal dole? *The Newport Daily News* agonized over the island's economy as "this quagmire." Incredible as it seems now, despite the town's recreational splendor and its unique historical presence, tourism was then officially "nonexistent."

But the fleet's departure was a blessing in disguise. The town had to save itself. One group, led by Doris Duke, the heiress, restored nearly 400 Colonial structures. Old Navy apartments were made over into pleasant dwellings and condominiums for vacationers or the retired. Goat Island, site

continued

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NEWPORT

continued

of the old torpedo station out in the harbor, was spruced up with a seven-story hotel and marina. Blood Alley and its environs were gutted and a spanking new America's Cup Avenue was created to run along the waterfront. Wharves were named into Boutiqueland, crystalized cutesy-poo, surrounding The Black Pearl and The Candy Store. Here, for posterity, are the names of a few shops in the tourist area: Goodies, Splash, The Fragrance Factory, Fancy Pantry, Sweet Sensations, Honey Chrome, Forest Flame, The Cookie Jar, Pete's A' Place, Leather Feet, Kitchen Pot Pourri, Cloud 9, Confetti, The Bear Necessities, The Irish Dandelion, The Chocolate Soldier, Flashback, The Rocking Horse, The Nostalgia Factory, The Whimsical Unicorn.

Jim McGrath is a musician whose group, The Reprobates, specializes in sea chanteys and drinking songs. He and The Reprobates left Newport recently to ply their trade in another old seaport, Baltimore. McGrath discovered that in Newport none of the swinging singles who crowd the wharf wanted to hear that kind of indigenous music anymore. "The interest in a local band with local traditions seems to have disappeared," McGrath says. "Newport used to be filled with real people. But now everyone looks alike, dresses alike, talks alike. It's all too cute for words."

A few weeks ago Ted Turner, who is, of course, the skipper of the 1977 Cup defender, Courageous, and is out there sparring with Freedom and Clipper for the right to defend yet again next month, went to one of the Vanderbilt mansions, Marble House, to discuss America's Cup race scheduling and procedures with the other helmsmen and officials. Everybody except Turner and his lieutenants were in unpressed blue blazers. Turner and his men were in unpressed green blazers. He said, "When I first came here, this was a real rough-and-tumble sailor's town. I liked it more in the old days. You can't move around the damn place now." He turned to an older fellow in unpressed red pants next to him. "Whadd'ya say, Commodore, wasn't the old Newport better than this one, with the condominiums and boutiques and all that crap?"

The Commodore wasn't going out on a limb this day. "I just like Newport," he said. "I like Newport." Of course, the Commodore actually gets to see the America's Cup boats. But there will be three million other tourists visiting this year, and even if they don't get to see the bouts, that is

nearly three million more than used to come a decade ago, before there was a single Cinzano umbrella or whimsical unicorn on all the island.

Because sport is leisure and because, not so long ago, leisure belonged to the leisure class, of which Newport enjoyed an abundance, the town boasts an impressive sporting heritage. The first public roller-skating rink was established in Newport in 1866, and the first major international polo match in the U.S. was played there in 1886—inspired by that combustible communications magnate and sportsman, that original Ted Turner: James Gordon Bennett.

The first U.S. Open golf championship was played in Newport in 1895. The first bicycle society was formed there, too, and, it seems, automobile racing was established in 1899 when a most fascinating obstacle race was held at Belcourt, the mansion that belonged to O.H.P. Belmont. The lead horseless carriage was driven by Mr. Belmont himself, who, accompanied by an intrepid grande dame, Mrs. Stayvesant Fish, steered his noisy automobile around a series of dummies dressed up as policemen, butlers, nursemaids, etc. It was a diverting way to while away a summer's afternoon. Years later Mrs. Fish recalled, "Nobody dreamed that automobiles would come into general use."

Tennis, though, was the activity for which Newport was most renowned. It was at the Newport Casino on Bellevue Avenue in 1881 that a Newporter named Richard Sears won the first U.S. Nationals, and the championships were played at that site for the next

34 years. The Casino was built in 1880 after Bennett induced his British pal, Captain "Sugar" Candy, to ride into the Newport Reading Room astride his horse. This did not amuse the gentlemen taking their ease in the Reading Room, an exclusive private club. Bennett was so aggrieved at their lack of humor that he decided to build his own club. He commissioned Stanford White to design the Casino.

In the intervening century, "casino" has come to mean gambling emporium, but at the time its literal meaning—"little house"—had some currency. The Newport Casino was not, of course, little, but such understatement was quite the fashion in a place where great mansions passed as "cottages." The Casino is a magnificent rambling affair, assuredly the grandest old sporting structure in the nation. A complete 500-seat theater (needing \$125,000 to be restored) is



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NEWPORT

continued

tucked away in one corner largely forgotten; the whole damn Newport Jazz Festival began in 1954 on the Horseshoe Piazza; and the International Tennis Hall of Fame is out front.

This sprawling period piece is run by a retired army colonel, Robert Day, from whose office window can be seen the lawn where Richard Sears won in 1881 and where the U.S. tennis centennial will be celebrated next July. "Newport Week," played immediately after Wimbledon, is the only Grand Prix grass-court tournament left in this hemisphere. It is now called the Miller Hall of Fame Tennis Championships and mid the Victorian splendor, above the white chalk lines on the fog-fed green grass, under a towering red maple, the linesmen sit in little red boxes that read: IT'S MILLER TIME. Proof again: there's no such thing as a free lunch.

But the Casino carries on. Driving away from it, down mansion-lined Bellevue Avenue and around the bend to beautiful Ocean Drive, a visitor is reminded that most of the colony and its heirs have cut and run, turning their "cottages" over to the Preservation Society of Newport County and the paying tourists. These vacationers appear to be no different from their kind everywhere—the hideous tank tops, cutoff jeans, jogging shoes, loud children. They seem cowed by the huge scale of the mansions, awed by the detail, and there is very much the sense—this may be why Newport works so well—that none of this was ever real. "It's like, you know, *The Beverly Hills*," a father tries to explain to his children at The Breakers, the 70-room Vanderbilt edifice.

The Preservation Society hostesses who guide tourists through these mansions say that very seldom do they express any resentment toward the Vanderbilts or the Astors and their ostentatious ways. The remove is too great. Certainly at, say, Williamsburg, there is much more of a feeling of history. And there is an identity there, too: our forefathers actually lived this. No one could ever feel that way about these opulent Newport houses. It is not like visiting the past, or even a different America; it is, for most of the tourists, a trip into a fairy tale.

Boats—and the America's Cup—fit in perfectly with the mansions. While expensive cars can make the average man jealous, because—Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish notwithstanding—we all do have cars, yachts are no longer real, either.

J.P. Morgan once said, "You can do business with anyone, but you can go sailing only with a gentleman."

Ted Turner says, "Why should anyone be resentful of us? It's just like the United Fund."

It is a summer Saturday, 5 p.m., the very apex of a week at the height of the season. Both the Americans and foreigners have been out racing today, and the gorgeous 12-meters are coming back to dock through a wall of fog that has just moved across the bay. But virtually no visitors look up. At Christe's, a Dixieland band is playing on the dock. Down on the wharves, more commemorative T-shirts, mugs and posters get turned over. "You can sell anything with the name Newport on it now," says Jock West, who manages the new Newport International Sailing Show. "Anything."

The day-shift waitresses and bartenders serve the night-shift waitresses and bartenders. No one seems to wonder who won the boat races. The America's Cup is merely an "attraction"—its name draws tourists to Newport. But once there, they don't see it, so who cares?

By contrast, a couple of hours earlier, Turner strolled down Bannister's Wharf. Courageous was not to race this day. People stopped in their tracks, came out of the boutiques to point him out. It was so nice to see something real, something that actually was part of the America's Cup.

But then he was gone, and it was back to basics, back to souvenirs. It is especially important to buy memories of the America's Cup, because, if you don't ever see anything of it, how can you remember it without a little memento?

AMERICA'S CUP, NEWPORT 1980, says the commemorative T-shirt. Skippy Topsider III is in madras Bermudas today.

"Time for a little chowder action down at The Pearl," he says. It is nearing night-shift time, when the day-shift waitresses and bartenders can become the customers. Someday, not so long from now, they will all be housewives and insurance salesmen in Harrisburg and Hartford, reminiscing about the America's Cup of 1980 in good old Newport, but for now—and good for them—they have put off the more earnest aspects of life and have bought one more hazy summer as a child behind an apron. "Are the boats back yet?" somebody at the bar asks without really caring.

Newport has learned to live with its past. Not only does it thrive off the mansions, but it also still profits from the Navy. It was only the fleet—and the poorly paid sailors—that left The War College, with its genteel officer corps, stayed behind and grew larger. Even today the Navy is by

continued



For 44 of his 60 years, it's been Louis Jagschitz vs. the lobster.

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NEWPORT

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far the largest single employer on Aquidneck, with a payroll of 8,750, half of that civilian.

So Newport got the best of both worlds. There has even been a reordering of history; many locals claim that the building of the Newport Bridge (finished in 1969) was what really got the town going. Of course, no one was saying that in '73 when the fleet left, but the fact is that the bridge did join Aquidneck Island with South County, and with Connecticut and New York beyond. Always before, visitors from those states had to get to Newport via the Jamestown ferry, an anachronistic nuisance.

The fact that Newport was an island originally was its strength. Aquidneck Island is the Rhode Island in the state's title. Rhode Island and Providence Plantations—and Aquidneck has always been a very separate place unto itself. Not until the 1930s did a bridge connect it to the rest of Rhode Island, and although Providence is only 30 miles away, it was "upstate."

Given its size, the whole state—Little Rhody—is inclined to be insular and insecure. Says Joel Cohen, a native and a history professor at the University of Rhode Island, "If you were just dumped here and could ignore the accent, your impression would be that Rhode Island is like some backwater Southern state. We're one party and predominantly one church, too—really much more homogeneous than you would expect. Everybody in Rhode Island always talks about what a corrupt government we have. It's just accepted. But I honestly don't believe we're as bad as everyone assumes. It's just that we're so small, everybody knows each other, and so there's no secrets. Our corruption is merely better known."

An erstwhile boxing promoter from Massachusetts has placed a casino gambling referendum on the Newport ballot this November. Arguments that this would open doors in Newport to the Mafia have little effect because it is instinctively assumed that the mob controls most of everything anyway.

But the historic, hangdog lack of confidence in Newport was offset by a trust and intimacy that came with isolation. Even in its worst days, almost nobody ever thought of leaving Aquidneck, and ultimately, the citizens had to stop prying about the fleet and the torpedo sta-

continued

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NEWPORT

continued

tion and get cracking. Curiously, while so many of the natives have had a sort of inferiority complex—the result of generations of cleansing up after summer colonists and sailors—pride in their hometown was never missing. Newporters might have leased out their city, but they never gave up the title.

The Irish, who were shipped over in the early 1800s to build Fort Adams, bulwarked the town with the Fifth Ward—the Old Fifth, Faithful Fifth. There are only four wards now, but the Fifth remains a living entity to many Newporters. It was in the Fifth that the rich were taught to know their place.

It may seem odd that the grass courts at the Casino are the only lawn courts in America open to the public (in Newport at all places!) but that is consistent with local history. The red-pants swim club, Bailey's Beach, has always allotted at least a portion of its beach for non-members. And no matter how grand your mansion, it was bounded on the ocean side by the Cliff Walk, a well-defined pedestrian thoroughfare, open to all.

Don Booth, the director of the various service clubs at the Naval Education and Training Center, grew up in the Fifth Ward during the Depression, a rare Scotch Protestant there. He says, "You accepted your role very easily. The Irish tended to be laborers, the Italians were gardeners and fishermen, the Englishmen were the house help, the fancy servants. I caddied at the country club as a boy, and the quarter tip I got was needed. I'd rush it right home, so we could eat hamburger that night. Yet, however odd this sounds, Newport was a helluva good place to be poor."

"Somewhere, there wasn't that much difference between caddying or playing golf, and on some glorious autumn afternoon, it didn't seem to matter whether you were raking leaves at a mansion or sitting there having a cocktail. Either way, you smelled that ocean. I can remember eating food smothered in mushrooms that we picked wild off the golf course, and coming down for breakfast to a fresh blackfish my father just caught."

"But the winters were hard for us after the colony left. My father was a brickmason, and there was almost no work for him in the winter. Easter was important. It meant spring, the start of the good times. By then, the coal bin was almost empty, and the root vegetables

you'd put away for the winter were almost gone. Yet at that moment, when you had the least, it was crucial that you come up with new Easter clothes for everyone in the family. That was understood in the Fifth Ward.

"And so, every year, a couple weeks before Easter, my father would start his rounds of the big houses, trying to get one piece of early work—mending fences, whatever. Usually it was too early, though, so he always saved one particular mansion for last. Now at this house there was a statue of a lion in the front, which he would pass by on the way to the trade entrance. And inside, my father would say, 'Looks like that back wall needs some patching,' something like that, but just about every time, the people would reply, 'No, thanks, we think it can go for a while.' So my father would put his hat back on and start to leave."

"He'd take a couple steps toward the door, and then he would stop, like it just occurred to him, like it really didn't matter, and he'd say, 'Oh, you know, the tail is off your lion again.' And they'd say, 'Well, O.K., go and patch that up.'"

"And almost every year that job would take care of our Easter. But you see, what it was, my father finally told me: he would knock off that lion's tail as he passed by, so that he'd get a job. That was why he always saved that house for last. He was an honest man, but he had to have a job for Easter."

"Years later I was far away from Newport and I remembered that story, and I was laughing about it to myself, and it suddenly dawned on me—of course, those people knew what my father was doing; they knew he knocked the tail off the lion every year, but they went along, they didn't say anything, they just gave him the job. They knew they had to let that man have his dignity. The rich knew we belonged here. Otherwise, it couldn't have worked on this island."

Having grown up with an appreciation of this sensitive interdependence, Booth fears for the present fragile prosperity. He started the campaign against casino gambling. "When the Navy left, we had to get off the federal dollar, so we hustled for ourselves, and look what we did," he says. "If we let gambling in now, we settle for a master-slave relationship all over again."

Few, in fact, expect the referendum

to carry. Almost all local leaders are opposed to it, and casinos are historically embraced only by a desperately indigent populace—such as was the case in Atlantic City. By contrast, Newport is prospering now as never before, and, besides, right after the fleet left, when Newport was at its most despairing, a referendum to permit one jail *aloi* fronton in town passed by only an eyelash.

Still and all, the siren call of the casino is powerful. Lower taxes! More jobs! Johnny Carson in the Supper Club! Steve and Eydie in the lounge! And the swinging-singles, boutique economy, already in place, is seductive. Holiday Inn wants to throw up a 10-story waterfront motel, and never mind the integrity of the low skyline. There is a lovely little baseball park downtown named Cardines Field. The outfield walls are as ivied as Wrigley's, the configuration as weird as Fenway's—285 down one line, 330 down the other and a jog into center of 315. When it was built, the park had to conform with the town around it, and there was a house in straightaway center. Things had fit together on the island then.

Every night in summer, there are the so-called Sunset League games, played by failed Class A hopefuls and faded old Rhode Island high school heroes, before family and close friends and a few peaceful strangers wise enough to know that baseball is one of the few earthly things (boats are another) that can actually add to summer twilight. But a lot of people say: Cardines Field is too near Boutique-land. There is a move afoot to raze it and lay out a parking lot in its place.

Understand, of course, boutiques are not evil. Neither are parking lots. And quite possibly, Newport is at its coolest sweet now. Significantly, right down from Bannister's is another wharf, what used to be the old Johnny Mathines Boatyard. On winter days, for firewood, Johnny would chop up a few of the hulks rotting about the dock, and the denizens of nearby Fifth Ward could sit around and chew the fat. But the taxes got too much for this sort of luxury, and plans were advanced to dress up the dock with more little shoppes and munch-ins.

Luckily, the dock is owned by an old Newport Irish clan, and it resisted this easy—and profitable—temptation. "There is just so much of the towniness and the artsy-craftsy that you can take," says Tim O'Reilly, who runs the family

business. "We might have made more money, but we didn't think that would serve the town—and us—best over the long haul. There is a whole other dynamic here that can't be forgotten." That is, essentially, the water. As a consequence, Johnny Mathinos Boatyard is being superseded by the Newport Yachting Center. It will host sailing shows as well as commercial fishing expositions, plus a boat rendezvous (like a car rally) and an America's Cup Film Festival, which, it is alleged, will be easier and more enjoyable to witness than the actual event. And at the Center, people will—now hear this—even have the opportunity to see 12-meter bouts, five; seeing will become commemorative.

Newport has always depended upon the water. The people who have borrowed Newport always came because of the water: the British, the very rich, the Navy. Rising above the lovely harbor, and all the changes that have sailed through it, is Trinity Church, the oldest Episcopal house of worship in New England, organized in 1698, originally built in 1701. Its homest, shingled white tower, whence the church's bells peal over the water, was what a traveler first saw, coming from Jamestown on a boat, before the bridge was built.

Inside Trinity, instead of individual pews there are family boxes, and a pulpit that rises in the middle of the aisle and soars so high, at such a pitch, that it seems, for sure, to have started out as a stairway to Heaven. The rest of the old church is subdued with grace and age, and on one wall, unremarkable, is a plaque in honor of someone named Georgina Clarke Pell, who died in 1851.

Georgina Pell was only 16 at her death. We do not know what felled her. The epitaph begins: "She was of a peculiar beauty, tender and dutiful of heart to God and man, and breathing through all her loveliness, a charm of innocent unconsciousness."

However aptly that spoke for Georgina Pell, it is also the perfect encomium for her city. Beautiful little Newport, there by the ocean in all her rocky elegance and her "charm of innocent unconsciousness," has always fared better as a sweet child of God than as a pawn of man. The words on the wall at Trinity conclude: "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, until that day when He shall make up His jewels."

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 1-10

Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

BOXING—SERGIO PALMA knocked out Ray Bandolph in the fifth round in Spokane to win the WBA junior featherweight title.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS shot a six-under-par 274 to defeat runner-up Andy Bean by seven strokes and win the PGA Championship, his 19th major, in Rochester, N.Y. (page 18)

PAT BRADLEY fired a 15-under-par 271, one stroke fewer than JoAnne Carner, to win the \$150,000 Peter Jackson Classic in Toronto.

HARNESS RACING—LAND GRANT (5:41.80) driven by Del Basso, finished half a length ahead of Ambrosio Wolf to win the \$200,000 Madison-Walton Pace, horse racing's richest race ever, at the Meadowlands. The 2-year-old covered the mile in 1:56 1/5 (page 48).

MOTOR SPORTS—JACQUES LAFITTE, driving a Lotus-Ford, averaged 137.4 mph to win the German Grand Prix in Hockenheim, West Germany. He finished the 190 miles (3.19 seconds) ahead of Carlos Reutemann of Argentina in a McLaren-Ford.

SOCCER—NASL With only two weeks remaining in the regular season, 11 of 18 playoff berths are still to be claimed. In the most significant game, the Cosmos defeated Seattle 1-0 in the Kingdome, where the Sounders are 14-2, as a desperate attempt to keep them from attaining the league's best record—10 wins 24-4, compared to the Cosmos' 21-7—and home-field advantage in the playoffs. Roberto Calero scored the game-winning goal in the second half after Seattle goalkeeper Jack Brund failed to make a clean save of a Giorgio Chinaglia shot. The Cosmos also defeated Edmonton (15-14) when Vladimir Bogachev scored nine minutes into overtime. The Oakland who've won four of five, edged closer to ASC West-leading California by defeating Rochester 3-0. The Surf (15-14) made it easier by losing to ASC East-leading Fort Lauderdale 2-1 when Kuno Waldauer scored with 45 left in the game, but then Steve Sauer scored with 1:00 remaining to lift the surf past Detroit 2-1. The Strikers (15-12) held their lead, despite losing to rampaging Dallas 5-2, but eight points separate the division's top three teams. Tampa Bay (16-12) won its only game, defeating Houston 3-1 to move into second in New England (16-12), which went win and lost twice, fell to third. The Ten Men were knocked 3-0 by Toronto and 4-0 by San Diego. Dallas (15-13), which has won its last four of six and Tulsa (13-14), which has lost its last two, continued to alternate atop the NASL

Central. As the Washington faded, being routed, 4-1 to Seattle and 4-2 to an upset at Portland, the Tornado held onto a two-point lead in the division. Dallas defeated Vancouver 2-1, as Zepheros scored on his sixth straight penalty kick, before rolling over the Strikers. ASC Central-leading Chicago and Los Angeles were also hot. The Sting mirrored Houston 7-2 behind Karl-Heinz Grottel's three goals and four assists to move into third place in the league's scoring race. And Austin Steedhagen scored twice in a 4-1 win over San Jose. The Arrows, who are playing well but have no chance of catching Seattle in the NSC West, got two goals from Luis Fernandez to beat Rochester 3-1 and one from Chris Deshafield with 30 remaining to edge Memphis 3-2. After winning five of their last six games, the Arrows' record is 19-9, the league's third best.

ASL Golden Gate's East Coast road string proved disastrous. After losing 1-0 to New York, the Gallos dropped a 1-0 decision to National Conference-leading Pennsylvania. New York's lone goal was scored by midfielder Ron Eden, while the Soccer's game-winner was made by Russian Uthmaniyah. Out west, American Conference-leading Columbus beat Cleveland 3-0 on the strength of two goals and an assist by Gerry O'Keefe, but lost to Sacramento 4-0.

TENNIS—JOSE LUIS CLERIC defeated Mel Purcell 5-3, 6-3 to win the \$150,000 U.S. Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis. CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Adriano Panatta 6-4, 6-3 to take her sixth women's Wimbledon title (page 10).

TRACK & FIELD—The East German team of MARILIES GOHR, ROMY MULLER, BARBEL WOCKEL and MARJETA KOCH set a women's world record of 1:28.2 in the 4x200-meter relay in Jena, East Germany, 2 seconds faster than the old mark established by a Ukrainian team in July 1979.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: To the National Track and Field Hall of Fame in Charleston, W. Va. DAVE ALBRECHT, 67, who, between 1934 and 1950, was elected for seven national high jump titles, set a world record and won the silver medal at the 1936 Olympics; BRUCE JENNIE, 50, who established a world record in the decathlon at the Montreal Olympics; JOHN A. KELLEY, 73, who has won a record 49 Boston Marathons, winning twice (1923 and 1945), and was a member of three Olympic teams; JIM RYUN, 33, who, after becoming the first high schooler to break the four-minute mile barrier, set a high school mark (3:55.36) that still

stands, established three world records and was a member of three Olympic teams, winning the silver medal in the 1,500 in Mexico City, and WYOMIA TYLIS, 34, the only athlete to win 100-meter-dash titles in two consecutive Olympics (1964-68) and who, while attending Tennessee State, set world records in four individual events.

Hired—As manager of the Seattle Mariners, NAILY WILLS, 47, the first manager to be 100 years old, more than 300 years in a class (194 for the Dodgers in 1943) when he was National League MVP, replacing Darrell Johnson in 14 seasons. With more than 400 games, eighth on the all-time list.

NAMED—As coach of the Division II NCAA (N.Y.) College Basketball team, LARRY COSTELLO, 49, who coached the Milwaukee Bucks from 1964 to 1976, winning the NBA championship in '71, and the Chicago Bulls for most of the 1978-79 season. With a career record of 400-302, he is one of only 10 coaches to win 400 games in the NBA.

FINALIZED By the presidents and chairmen of the PAC-10, southwest, USC, UCLA, BRIGGS, OREGON STATE and ARIZONA STATE, all of which were ruled ineligible for the 1980 conference football title, Ross Bowd as chairperson president, UCLA, Oregon State and Oregon were also ordered to forfeit a total of 21 victories over the past three seasons. (Arizona State had previously been ruled ineligible for the PAC-10 title and had forfeited five 1980 games.) USC must also forfeit points that will cost the Trojans their 1978 PAC-10 title in track (they already had been stripped of the NCAA crown) and will be listed from all championship events in it. Oregon will forfeit seven points earned in 1980 wins meets. The penalties are punishment for "unexcused excuses, falsified transcripts and unacknowledged violation of athletic department interests into the academic processes of the respective universities."

DEED DAN TEHAN, 73, who officiated in the NFL longer than any other man (1930-64), of an apparent heart attack in Cincinnati.

CREDITS

4—Gerrit Pannell, 12-0; Carl Jaxson (left) Rich and Macken, 14-10; Carl Jaxson, 16—Marshall M. Crispe, 19—Carl Jaxson, 20—Hector Hagedorn, 21—Ronald C. Maden, 22—John Leoncio (top) 19—Paul Kennedy, 20—Sally Tamm, 21—Art Day, 22—Paul Kennedy, 23—Paul Kennedy, 24—Paul Kennedy, 25—Paul Kennedy, 26—Paul Kennedy, 27—Paul Kennedy, 28—Paul Kennedy, 29—Paul Kennedy, 30—Paul Kennedy, 31—Paul Kennedy, 32—Paul Kennedy, 33—Paul Kennedy, 34—Paul Kennedy, 35—Paul Kennedy, 36—Paul Kennedy, 37—Paul Kennedy, 38—Paul Kennedy, 39—Paul Kennedy, 40—Paul Kennedy, 41—Paul Kennedy, 42—Paul Kennedy, 43—Paul Kennedy, 44—Paul Kennedy, 45—Paul Kennedy, 46—Paul Kennedy, 47—Paul Kennedy, 48—Paul Kennedy, 49—Paul Kennedy, 50—Paul Kennedy, 51—Paul Kennedy, 52—Paul Kennedy, 53—Paul Kennedy, 54—Paul Kennedy, 55—Paul Kennedy, 56—Paul Kennedy, 57—Paul Kennedy, 58—Paul Kennedy, 59—Paul Kennedy, 60—Paul Kennedy, 61—Paul Kennedy, 62—Paul Kennedy, 63—Paul Kennedy, 64—Paul Kennedy, 65—Paul Kennedy, 66—Paul Kennedy, 67—Paul Kennedy, 68—Paul Kennedy, 69—Paul Kennedy, 70—Paul Kennedy, 71—Paul Kennedy, 72—Paul Kennedy, 73—Paul Kennedy, 74—Paul Kennedy, 75—Paul Kennedy, 76—Paul 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Edited by GAY FLOOD

REGGIE!

Sir:

Thanks for a tremendous personal look at a real "superduperstar" (*The Man Who Owns New York*, Aug. 4). Not having been around for Ruth, Gehrig and DiMaggio, and not being old enough to appreciate Mantle and Mays, I feel lucky to be able to experience the true excitement of Reggie Jackson.

MARLIN KAGAN
Chelmsford, Mass.

Sir:

Reggie Jackson may be controversial, but one thing's for sure: the Yankees would be lost without him. He's always there when a tough situation arises. In my opinion, No. 44 is a solid contender for MVP.

MICHELLE D. WHITE
Meriden, Conn.

Sir:

Reggie Jackson has lost the respect of yet another New Yorker and Yankee fan with his statement, "It's a fickle town. . . . As soon as my star tarnishes, they'll turn away. . . . If I stay here to play, it's gonna haent me one day." His view is typical of a new resident of the city. Reggie lives in his high-rise apartment overlooking Central Park and drives his Rolls-Royce with the windows rolled up, insulated from those from whom he expects godlike worship, yet he wonders why New Yorkers are hesitant to accept him as a Yankee hero. Reggie should realize that once a player has

earned the Yankee pinstripes and become a Yankee hero, he can do no wrong in our eyes. This should be obvious whenever Billy Martin makes an appearance in New York. If Reggie had just quietly proven himself on the field from his first day as a Yankee, he would have earned the fans' respect by now.

JOHN PANICO
Grove Park, N.Y.

AVERY

Sir:

While I disagreed with Avery Brundage's policies on amateur athletics, I fail to see what sports are illustrated by the muckraking article *Avery Brundage: The Man Behind the Mask* (Aug. 4).

That an extremely rich man has indulged his appetites (apparently without damage to others) in the areas of women and Oriental art cannot be news of value to your readers.

In any case, as it has apparently taken all these years for Big Media to discover the "dim and shifting values" of Brundage—after it had universally admired him for his old-fashioned ways in the "now" world of over-the-table money, etc.—Big Media should not be surprised if this trashy story is greeted with a big "So what?" from its readers.

LAWRENCE E. STARBUCK
Tacoma, Wash.

Sir:

The personal life of Avery Brundage is certainly different from his public life. But I hope

no one will connect his private life with his work with the Olympic Games. While President of the IOC, Brundage sought only the best for the Games, for he saw the good that could come from them. After reading the story by William Oscar Johnson, I could only feel more sympathetic toward the man and the cause he stood for. Lord Killanin earned on Brundage's dreams, but unfortunately not in that fiery Brundage style: stubborn and straightforward.

LEE L. HUNNAKER
Belmont, Mass.

Sir:

In your article on Avery Brundage, the first Mrs. Brundage, his wife of 44 years, was curiously dismissed as "an elegant and artistic socialite. . . . [who] would usually. . . at their home in Santa Barbara."

Having known "Bess" Brundage for more than 25 years, I took particular note of William Oscar Johnson's statement that Avery's "penchant for acquisition and luxury might have been considered vulgar had he not displayed a fairly constant sense of good taste."

The Olympics owe Avery Brundage much. However, San Francisco and the world must also thank Elizabeth Dunlap Brundage for the exquisiteness of the Brundage Oriental art collection.

ELLANOR GREEN WINTERS
Goleta, Calif.

continued

ABOVE THE EAGLES' NEST

Sir:

I was fascinated to read about the tree-climbing adventures of naturalist Jack Holt in connection with his and biologist Sergey Postupalsky's efforts to band young bald eagles in Michigan's Upper Peninsula (*The Eagle Is Banded*, Aug. 11). A free climb to a height of 115 feet is no mean feat. However, author Jim Doherty's detailed account failed to answer one question: How did SI's Heinz Klutmeier take those close-up pictures, especially the ones in which he would appear to have been looking down on Holt and the eagles' nest? Does Klutmeier climb trees, too?

HARVEY NATHAN
New York City

• If it means gaining the best vantage point for a picture, he does. In 1978, on the island of Hawaii, Klutmeier clambered 40 feet up a dead tree to get a photograph of the rare io, or Hawaiian hawk (*If the Io Is Don't Get You, the A's Will*, Sept. 25, 1978). In Michigan he got as high as 100 feet, usually climbing up an adjacent or the same



Klutmeier and Holt 70 feet up an eagle tree

tree to a point 10 feet or so above the nest as in the photograph at left, which was taken with a 400 mm lens from a boat on a nearby reservoir. Once Klutmeier stepped across a nest and its inhabitants in order to perch on a limb for a bird's-eye-level shot of the eaglets, but only after he had been assured that an eagle's nest is strong enough to support a man and, more important, that his trespassing wouldn't cause the parent eagles to abandon it. Says Klutmeier, "I was surprised at how quiet the young birds were—sort of regal and unperturbed, as befits the American symbol." Not Heinz. He was particularly shaken when, after brief instruction in the use of rope and climbing irons, he got 30 feet up the trunk of a tall tree and the rope began to slip. Heinz wanted to go back down, but he didn't know how. So he went up. Klutmeier's 15-year-old daughter, Tina, who went along on the assignment, told her father he was "silly" to risk life and limb. Says Heinz, "It was more fun than photographing the Super Bowl!" —ED

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18TH HOLE continued

RUNNING ON

Sir

I am grateful for James Shapiro's article (*It's Seven O'clock in the Morning*, July 28) on the 24-hour run. He is to be congratulated both for his creditable performance in the run and for a very enjoyable account of it. His story was witty, insightful and sensitive. As a marathoner who so far only fantasizes about winning anything, I was able to live vicariously some moments I have no reasonable hope of experiencing myself.

DALE DORSETT SWANSON
Boulder, Colo.

Sir

Please tell me if James Shapiro's story was fiction. I can't even say that I've ever stayed awake that long. The author either possesses great courage and athletic ability, or Mark Twain's storytelling skills—or both.

J. D. LANCASTER
Clinton, Mich.

• Every word is true. Shapiro's latest endeavor is a solo run—with no support team—from San Francisco to New York, scheduled for this month. ED

SPORTSMAN

Sir

While it might be a little early to nominate a Sportsman of the Year, there is no other choice than this year's Summer Olympics team. Their sacrifice for our country is the greatest contribution any group of athletes could make.

While Eric Heiden brought home five gold medals from the Winter Games and the hockey team gave patriotism a shot in the arm, their endeavors can't compare to those of the Summer athletes who were unable to go to Moscow.

MICHAEL D. ROEGER
Newburgh, N. Y.

Sir

Could there possibly be any other Sportsman of the Year than Bjorn Borg? What more must Borg do than win the most prestigious tennis tournament in the world five consecutive times?

DAWN HENNESSY
Sacramento

Sir

Why didn't Mary Decker rate a full-page picture in the July 28 issue? And Meanwhile in Philadelphia? As we read about the "Police State" Olympics—"Soviet-East German Meet"—is a better term—it warned my heart to read about this fine young woman whose performance and expression show what American sport is all about.

Mary Decker for Sportswoman of the Year
JONATHAN J. COHEN
Newton, Mass.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

A hand is shown holding a single, upright Budweiser can. The can is white with red and blue accents, featuring the Budweiser logo and text including "12 FL. OZ. (355 mL.)", "Budweiser", "LAGER BEER", and "Brewed by our original recipe from the finest Pilsner Beer and Best Malted Barley". The can is surrounded by a chaotic sea of crushed and flattened cans, suggesting a vast quantity of the product. The background is a dark, textured mass of these crushed cans, with some red liquid visible on the surfaces.

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